



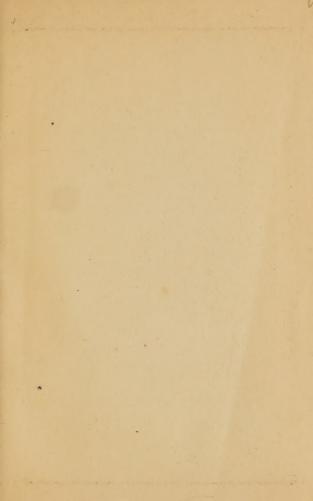
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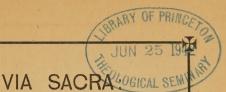
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OR.

# FOOTPRINTS OF CHRIST.

A BOOK FOR HOLY WEEK.

REV. WM. A. LEONARD,
Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D.,
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# PREFACE.

It has simply been my endeavor, in this little venture of faith, to weave in with the narrative of our Lord's last days of mortal life and sufferings—descriptions of the places where He walked, and the objects with which Hs was familiar, or which were connected with His death.

The few meditations that are presented, may answer as suggestions to deeper and more extended musings on the marvellous Passion, and the intense agony of that Death, which became the opening of the Doors of Eternal Life unto the human race.

The harmonized story—as given in the four Gospels—is simply paraphrased for the better instruction of the reader, while the historic statements are derived from

very many standard authorities. The text book most carefully followed is Dean Milman's "History of Christianity."

For any inaccuracies, or errors, the indulgence of all is earnestly desired, since this effort is not intended to be critical or profound, but only a plain and faithful narrative of the transactions of the world's Holy Week.

It is with much gratitude that I make here a recognition of the kindness of my dear friend Dr. Hall. Without his wise counsel, and loving suggestions and encouragement, the labor expended would have been shorn of much of its keenest pleasure.

The photographed illustration which adorns the book, is the generous gift and workmanship of a friend to the Church Charity Foundation.

WM. A. LEONARD.

Church of The Redeemer, Brooklyn, L. I. LENT, 1875.

# INTRODUCTION.

THE Way of Life is the Truth of God revealed to us in Jesus Christ. "He ever liveth," to make it a divine reality, and becomes 'one with us,' in helping us to be all that He was and taught. For many ages men erred, in confusing the common mind of the Church, by representing the sacred Way as lying so entirely in the supernatural, that there could be no intimate, personal knowledge of it, save in certain appointed channels, and more or less at the will of intermediates. Relics and shrines of miraculous virtue became of paramount importance, and religion left the ordinary paths of life, to become more and more dissevered from the instincts of a pure morality.

Then the reaction came. Christians rejected largely the sacred helps, which Jesus had placed to mark the way of life. Sacraments and ordinances were not entirely rejected; for as they had been commanded, the rejection would have been open rebellion: but they were depreciated, faulted, narrowed, and studiously shrivelled into the smallest of uses and forms. The pure intellect of the ideal man, by an exquisite act of faith only, attenuated beyond the reach of all ordinary rules of thought and sympathy, habitually struggled to grasp at some etherial proof of the vitality of spiritual convictions. The Christ of history was deliberately separated from the living Church, and the interval bridged over by systems and platforms, some of them as narrow and dangerous as the bridge Al-Sirat, that leads to the paradise of the Koran.

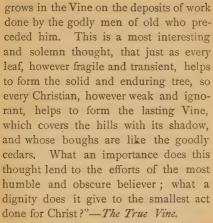
This error has about run its career, and lost ground with its disciples, many



of whom are seeking to bury it decently out of sight.

How far any one mind is able to assist in avoiding these two tendencies, is the test of usefulness to those who aim to convince others, that by reality as well as promise, Christ is 'alway with them.' The true Via Sacra for us to-day (as always) is to bring the living High-Priest into the reach of our hearts and minds, so that while the affections instinctively twine around Him and lift themselves into the pure air of spiritual truth, the highest activity of the intellect is nursed and infallibly guided to accept His inspiration; to seeing, see, and hearing hear; and so to be converted and healed by Him. This deepening of the whole consciousness into practical and practised communion with Him, is the true way of life for every soul. 'He is the Vine, we the branches'-one with Him, and one in Him. As all helps and means of culture look to a vital connection of the vine and branches in our gardens, that the branches may bring forth much fruit, so all sacraments and ecclesiastical seasons aim to produce in the hearts and lives of Christian believers, this intimate conscience of Christ as ever living in His saints. This consciousness works itself out in all Christian life.

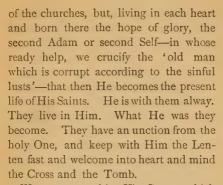
It has been well said by an eloquent living writer: "The glory of Christ is the result of the believer's toil as well as His own. He works by means; and it is by His people that He chiefly carries on His cause in the world. Frail and perishing in themselves, fading like the leaves, they build up the enduring structure of the Church, organize schemes of Christian usefulness, and produce Christian results which will long survive them. Every Christian contributes something to the general stock; every Christian is the heir of all the ages—inherits the accumulated labors of previous generations—



In such a view, every offer to make Christ more a reality, however humble its aim, is valuable. The present work is a contribution in this direction. Who of us, but would hail as a priceless boon some vision of the Man of Sorrows, brought nearest to him, after the solemn hours of Holy Week. There are *earnests* of the beatific vision, which fall on our hearts

like the dew of Hermon—and, far within the secret shrine of the last of the temples of God, even the illuminated soul of the faithful saint, there comes not arbitrarily, but by well-ordered means, the 'appearance of One like unto the Son of Man;' and the fires of worldly passion and suffering grow cool, and the antiphonal harmonies of the Benedicite echo the music of the living creatures around the throne.

Christians have accepted this fact as true, in affliction and anguish. Sorrow and loss of friends have been seen to deepen the spiritual life, and show the nearer presence of God. But we must accept a fact beyond this—that, when we voluntarily and faithfully set out to find Christ—claim Him as ours, not only on the page of the gospels—not solely in wondrous presence in the far off glory at the right hand of the Father—not merely in wondrous sacramental union and unutterable—possibly inconceivable vision as moving amid the golden candlesticks



We may try this *Via Sacra*, which shows us, in very simple and effective manner, the scenes of the Passion. It is an effort to translate into our own words the scenery of the Holy City, where these things happened 'for our sake;' to take us farther than to *El-khods* as it is now seen, back to the city of the Herods, that we may in imagination 'see Jesus,' and find that "the first glance of the imagination is abreast of and in line with the last decision of the reason." We

commend the book as a result of earnest thought and careful labor. No one who looks on a finished statue sees the chips and debris of the workmen. And no one can tell, what may be the judgment of the public, of his finished work, until he has put it on exhibition. labor in this school with a faith, that Christ who prompts will also bless all honest efforts for His people. And we commend this little work to those who would find the true lessons of Holy' Week. It offers to perform for them the office of Philip to the Greeks, who came to him to say, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' If it can do this for you, O reader, it has a blessed mission, and is its own reward.

> Nec lingua valet dicere, Nec littera exprimere, Expertus potest credere Quid sit Jesum diligere.

> > C. H. HALL.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 18th, 1875.

# VIA SACRA:

OR,

FOOTPRINTS OF CHRIST.

"Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.

Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn and take me by the hand; and more,
May strengthen my decays!"

"Then took He unto Him the twelve, and said unto them, 'Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the Prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished. For He shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on; and they shall scourge Him and put Him to death, and the third day He shall rise again.'"—St. Luke xviii. 31-33.



I.

HERE are times and seasons when it is well for the Christian to retire from the world, into seclusion and quiet. It is absolutely necessary that we should make these voluntary retreats from the noise, and clamor, and distraction of busy life, that we may with "Jesus, rest awhile," and so bring back the calm, and serenity, and peace which are indispensable to the perfect growth in holiness. The Church, our wise and loving Mother, has therefore appointed this week, the last week of our dear Lord's life upon earth, as an appropriate time for devotion and self-examination, and also as a precious memorial of the Passion and Death of the Saviour of mankind. And it is

with a desire "to learn of Him," who was to be our pattern in all things, that we would follow very closely now in the footprints where He trod the "via sacra," as He advanced towards the awaiting cross, gazing upon the scenes which met His eyes, drinking in the landscape with which He was so familiar; inspired, the while, by our nearness unto Him who blesses all with whom He comes in contact.

Jesus was coming up to the great feast, and His disciples were with Him. They had journeyed from Ephraim, through the rugged defiles, and along the rocky road from Jericho, ascending towards Jerusalem. On the way He had healed the blind man who sat by the roadside begging; and in Jericho, the city of palm trees, He had partaken the hospitality of Zaccheus, who was a wealthy overseer of the tax-gatherers, and perhaps the employé of some Roman knight. Towards the evening of Friday—the end of the

Jewish week of working days-our Lord arrived at the little hamlet called Bethany. With Him were many pilgrims on their way to the "city of the great King," and, doubtless, they had heard the profound words of Jesus; had seen Him work a miracle of cure; and perhaps were already converted to a belief in Him. Bethany was a favorite restingplace for Jesus: He frequently left Jerusalem, which was only two-and-a-half miles to the west, worn out with His labors, and wearied because of constant trials of His patience and love, and sought the house of His intimate friend Lazarus, and the two devoted sisters, Martha and Mary. Here He was sure to be comforted, and here, in the seclusion and quiet of the obscure home, He found opportunity for prayer and communion with His Father in Heaven. The prophetic eye of the Lord showed Him what was about to happen, and as though He required this preparation of

privacy and peace, He stopped at the well-known door of the man He loved so dearly. Only a short time before this, Bethany had been the scene of a most astonishing miracle, for the compassionate Jesus had raised from the dead His friend Lazarus, and had restored him to the bewildered, yet joyous sisters. Many of the Jews had witnessed the fact, and multitudes had poured out from Jerusalem to see the famous Prophet and wonder-worker. He was indeed welcome to that glad household, and speedily the guest, revered and worshipped, was surrounded by every comfort the eager sisters could furnish. And now the Sabbath was come and the day of rest was ushered in. This was called the Great Sabbath, because it preceded the Passover. It was a feast day with the Jews, and therefore, as a mark of affection and regard, Lazarus made a supper for His Lord, and it was at this banquet, that Mary broke the alabaster vial of precious nard, and poured the fragrant ointment upon the head of Jesus, as a prophetic anointing of His body for the burial which was so near at hand. You will recall the rebuke which was given to the avaricious Judas on this occasion, when he complained at the waste of the precious balm; and after the censure, with a breast full of anger, he went away to Jerusalem and made his first approach to the Sanhedrin with the proposition to betray his master unto them.

Bethany was, in the time of our Lord, and it is to-day, a very small hill-village, so near Jerusalem that it might be called one of the suburbs of the royal metropolis. The villagers and peasants went thither to buy their provisions and such other necessary articles as could not be purchased at home. In the early days, there were many palm trees in and around Bethany, and from this fact it derives its name, House of Dates. There were also abundant groves of olive trees

throughout the entire neighborhood, and the inhabitants had erected huge presses in which they crushed the rich fruit and extracted the pure oil, which they sold in Jerusalem. Some of these oil merchants were wealthy, and probably Lazarus had saved a very comfortable fortune, for which reason his sister Mary was able to purchase the precious ointment.

The palm-tree was remarkable for its height, its green and graceful foliage, and its luscious fruit. As a symbol of right-eousness, and an emblem of beauty, it is frequently employed in the writings of the East. Copied by the architect and master-builder, its bending branches and its flowers adorn many a sculptured shaft in palace and temple; and its presence in the natural world was a cause for thankfulness and admiration. In the visions of Ezekiel and St. John the palm is connected with the holy ones, and in the Apocryphal Book of Esdras there appears this striking passage, which seems

appropriate to the events and scenes of this holy day: "And I asked the angel, what are these? He answered and said unto me, these be they which have put off the mortal clothing, and now they are crowned, and receive palms. Then said I unto the angel, What young person is it that crowneth them, and giveth them palms in their hands? So he answered, and said unto me, It is the Son of God, whom they have confessed in the world." The majestic palms are now gone, and the village which is called after Lazarus el'-Azariyeh, has dwindled into a poor and wretched cluster of hovels. But how beautiful it must have been! Well built, clean, and bright, its white walls and roofs reflecting the sunshine: sheltered on the one side by a hill which rose between it and the higher Mount Olivet beyond, and over which three road-ways led to Jerusalem, shaded by the arch of graceful palm branches. Below it on the other side stretched the road

to Jericho, lost very soon from sight by the sharp turns and steep descent. So that from the town gate, one could see the travellers approaching from beneath, and departing up over the low hill-tops towards the wonderful city of David. This situation was certainly beautiful, and it is no wonder that the Saviour loved to linger in so romantic a spot. He could sit under the clear Syrian sky and look far off over the Jordan valley, to where the Perean Mountains stretched a deep blue line. He would doubtless think of the journey of old Abraham, from his southern home, toiling up the rough way with Isaac, and perchance resting under the luxuriant palms, before ascending beyond to the spur of the Mount of Olives, from which he could see the great rock on which he was to sacrifice his only son.

Doubtless Jesus thought of the intended, the striking analogy between that patriarchal spirit of sacrifice and devotion

and the love of His Father, whose "only begotten Son," the "Lamb of God," was so soon to be offered on the cross for man's redemption. And then there would flash across His mind visions of the great battles that had been fought down in the plain; and then the image of King David would pass before Him, and the glory of Solomon would appear; and then the old prophets would file in solemn procession along the ancient and historic way. Bethany was a restingplace for all who came up towards Jerusalem, and its bowered beauty, its freshness of living green, its retired and inviting position, reinvigorated the traveller and the burdened beasts, after their hard ascent along the road from Jericho. It was just back from the highway, standing as a beautiful guardian to the city beyond. Imagine it as it appeared on the first morning of the last week of the Saviour's life. Out under the trees were pitched the colored tents of pilgrims who

had either come up from the valley below, or down from the city the night before, to see and hear the man whose "fame had gone throughout the coasts." See how busily all are engaged in packing the mules and camels; watch the interest that centres around that little group of twelve who are just emerging from yonder low-arched gate. It is Jesus with his disciples, and they are going over to Jerusalem. The Jews' Sabbath and day of rest was over, and the week of labor was begun; in the oil mills there was a hurrying of the work, that so all might go up to the Feast. In the peaceful homes of Bethany there was vigorous and anxious preparation for the same great occasion. Everywhere there was commotion and excitement unusual in that quiet hamlet. Only Jesus was calm; noble He was, and sublimely beautiful in his carriage and demeanor, and the multitude fell back and followed, crowding behind their acknowledged leader.

There must have been something unusual in his bearing that glorious morning; there must have shined in His countenance the unmistakable lineaments of royalty and divinity, for He impressed the whole concourse of strangers and friends, and they knew that "He was of God." Passing on by easy ascent, the brow of the hill is soon reached, and there, standing out bold and beautiful, is the mount called Olivet. But a valley lies between it and the eager travellers, and down at the foot of the opposite mount is a cluster of small stone houses, in the midst of an orchard of figs, called naturally Bethphage, or the House of Figs. The procession probably halted here, and perhaps our Lord preached a morning lesson to the ready flock of listeners, while the two disciples went down to Bethphage as they were bidden, and secured the young ass, which they brought immediately to their Master. The country round about Jerusalem in the time of

Christ was exceedingly fertile; the names given to towns and villages indicative of the peculiar local productions, proves this. And there were numberless sparkling streams flowing from springs in the hills, and so irrigating the valleys beneath. Undoubtedly the fig-orchards were tended and cultivated, and likewise the gardens of palms and olives; and looking from a commanding height like that above Bethphage, the scene was exceedingly attractive. Peeping out from beneath the wide spreading branches and leaves of the fig-trees were the white houses, while the green grass divides that the silver streamlet may ripple down towards the rocky watercourse. Here and there arises a tall and stately cluster of palms, like sentinels on their line of duty, while stretches of dark shiny green designate the groves of olive-trees, carefully hiding their rich and valuable fruit. The road up over the western shoulder of

Olivet, fringed with leafage, is alive with the throng of children, men and women, who have come out to meet the wellknown Jesus; and now, seated on the docile beast, the Saviour descends with His attending followers, till the two companies meet at the base of the mount. The new-comers have brought branches of the wavy palm, which they cut as they came by the gardens, and these they cast along the stony roadway, that Jesus may "ride on in majesty." Those who had come with Him from Bethany, drew off their outer cloaks and threw them down for a carpet, while they shout and cry for the ecstacy of joy which fills their hearts. Up the hill this strange and glad company proceed, and in their midst, dignified, unmoved, seated on the royal beast, rides the Saviour of man.

Although the ass was an animal much ridiculed then as now, yet it was by no means to be despised. In keeping with the prophesy which foretold the meek-

ness and lowliness of Him who should enter the city of the King riding on the "foal of an ass," there is hidden beneath this occurrence a primary advertisement of the glory and mission of Christ, For did not the venerable Father of the Faithful come hither with Isaac, riding upon "an ass the foal of an ass,"-even unto this same overlooking mountain, from whence he beheld the altar of his own salvation "afar off," on the opposite eminence? And in the original blessing of Jacob, centuries before, Issachar was not made an object of derision, when he was symbolized by the "ass bowing down between two burdens." Nor indeed were the Jews to forget the ancient command to abstain from "going down to Egypt to buy horses," - implying thereby, the obligation to use the patient beast whose home was Palestine. In the days of Oueen Esther, the caparisoned ass was certainly the favorite beast; and doubtless King David and King Solomon rode upon this same faithful servant of man when they came to the walls of Jerusalem.

So in humility, yet in regal state, advanced the blessed Saviour. On towards the brow of the mount they press, while, with the concerted cry of the disciples, there comes back the loud responsive echo of the multitude: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" Along the rocky hill-side the glorious shout is borne by the glad winds of Heaven, and perchance across the deep valley to the very gates of Jerusalem, that pæan of triumph is wafted. The birds in the branches overhead cease their songs, and the tall trees bend in glad acknowledgment of Him who, though Lord of the world, is yet "rejected of men."

This Hosanna, which means, "Oh, save us"—is taken from the great Hallel—a series of Psalms sung at the Feast of

Tabernacles. They are the 113th and 118th Psalms inclusive, and are among the most glorious of that entire collection of sacred songs. Just where the road makes its turn around the obstructing hill-side is a broad level platform of rock; and just at this point the city of Jerusalem breaks upon the view. There is probably no view like this in the worldcertainly not to the Christian-and to the Jew of old, to that glad multitude of singing pilgrims, it must have been like a vision of the "land of the blessed." Jerusalem, the centre of a nation's devotion, the shrine of the past and the birthplace of the future to the Israelite, how his heart flutters, how his pulses cease their beating for the instant-how his "soul within him leaps," as he sees the realization of his desires and the fulfilment of his highest hopes. It is indeed "Jerusalem the golden," "With milk and honey blest"-and the son of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, falls down upon

his knees, and worships the God of his Fathers for this most precious of privileges. How natural was this scene to Jesus! Even from His boyhood had He known the beautiful city. Once a year, with the Holy Virgin, and the saintly Joseph, He had come hither to worship; and more frequently during the three years of His active ministry had He entered the well-known and well-beloved gates of Zion. And while the people thronged around the Master on that memorable morning, He sat gazing upon the wondrous city of His affection. Unmindful of the pressing throng, His loving heart swelled with tenderest emotion; grief came welling up in human tears, and He wept aloud over the destruction which He knew awaited the stubborn Jews, and their glorious metropolis. How remarkable the contrasts in this scene: a kingly triumph, and a weeping King-a shout of gladsome voices, and a rending wail that hushed

the boisterous mirth—a Jubilate of mortals, and the Misérére of a God. And, sobbing aloud, the sorrowful Saviour said, "If thou, O daughter of Zion, hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eves. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."-St. Luke xix. He saw with Divine vision adown the vista of years, and marked how the Romans would encamp around the great city. He saw the dismantling and destruction of those noble towers and walls. He saw the ruin of those stately palaces. He saw the desecration of the holy places, and the terrible death



which awaited the stubborn Jews. What wonder then at that grief beyond human expression and comprehension! What wonder at His uncontrolled tears and groans! But even greater is the Divine sorrow over the hardness of heart by which immortal souls are doomed to final ruin and death—infinite indeed is the yearning of a compassionate and loving Lord towards that citadel of light, whose darkness is gathering, and whose fate is impending with a certainty that has no parallel even in the history of those terrible days of vengeance.

"Why doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Zion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well his holy pains,
'Tis not in pride or scorn
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

"' If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
At least in this, thy day,
The message of thy peace! but now
'Tis passed for aye away;

Now foes shall trench thee round, And lay thee even with earth, And dash thy children to the ground, Thy glory and thy mirth!

"So doth the Saviour weep
Over his people's sin;
Because we will not let him keep
The souls He died to win!
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn!"

But now the cortége moves adown the sloping road towards the marble bridge and the golden gate. It has been long discovered by the people on the ramparts and lingering in the open courts of the Temple area, and forth they pour across the bridge that spans the narrow valley of the Kidron, meeting the advancing procession. They too have torn off branches, and they too join in the renewed hosannas and joyous acclamations. Under the great arch they hurry on, and up into the city precincts, until they reach the foot of the rising, marbled hill at whose summit

was the great Altar of Sacrifice. By this time the entire city was roused, and Pharisee and Sadducee, Priest and Scribe, have assembled to inquire into the singular uproar. They recognize Jesus, and they sneer at Him and at the silly people; but unheeded are their taunts, and their anger is increased the more because of this disregard for their position and their power. And here the multitude go their several ways; and Jesus, quietly dismounting from the ass, passes up into the Temple. He, the Lord of that Temple, has suddenly come to cleanse it of its foulness, and to restore it to its proper condition—for with burning, irresistible zeal, He at once drove the conscience-smitten sellers of doves and cattle from the holy place whither they had intruded their unhallowed stands and booths, overturning the little tables where foreign coin was exchanged for the current money of the Temple, and crying, "My Father's House ye have made a den

of thieves." How remarkable this power! how overwhelming must have been that righteous indignation, which, like the irresistible storm, sweeps everything before its onward progress! And then note the "great calm"-for at once the suffering sick come to the great Physician and are healed. Again the words of wisdom and peace sound in the ears of His ready listeners—once more arises the song of the children, "Hosanna to the Son of our Father David!" And now a band of gentile Greeks approach the "Light of the World," and He shines down into their hearts and natures and warms their hopes with the gracious Epiphany of His power. And still He continues to teach, and preach, and prophesy, even of His "lifting up upon the tree"-sowing broadcast the seeds of immortal truth and life, which, falling upon good ground, were nourished, and produced fruit; but were rejected and became a curse to the hardened, stony



natures that refused to be "charmed by the charmer, charm He never so wisely." And at the close of that wondrous day, compassed about by malignant enemies, who were all the while seeking to capture and destroy Him, Jesus secretly and quietly withdrew from the city, retraced His steps over the holy mount, and sought the shade of the kindly trees that bless the fields near Bethany. And there, under the glowing stars, the disciples fell asleep, while Jesus, the Holy One, communed with His sustaining Father.

# Monday in Holy Week.

A DAY OF PARABLES.

### II.

A MORNING bright, and full of sunshine in the Holy Land is one of the choice things in the memory of travellers. The sky of Syria is peculiarly clear, and wonderfully blue and cloudless. The heart of an Italian day, from eleven till two o'clock, intensified, will give the best idea of the atmospheric pureness and clearness of Palestine. Freedom from dampness, and at an elevation of more than two thousand feet above the Mediterranean Sea, the malarial and plain level lies far below Jerusalem, and this fact together with the mild-

ness of the temperature allows the camp and tent life so customary in that famous The stars had ceased their shining, and the rosy light had streamed along the Eastern hills when the disciples, with Jesus, made preparations for their day's work in the city. Doubtless the little company intended to present themselves in the Temple for the hour of prayer and morning sacrifice, after which they might unhesitatingly break the fast. The fields near Bethany certainly furnished them no food, and it is not probable that they went up into the village, lest an enemy attack them, for they were now being closely watched. The diet of the peasantry was coarse and simple. Very little meat was ever eaten, because of Levitical restrictions, and because of the great heat. Milk was the common beverage, and often soured, as preferable and more wholesome. is called by the Hebrews, the "staff of life," from whence we derive the saying;



and cakes made from pressed and dried figs were indispensable and universally eaten, which being soaked in water, a sweet and refreshing drink is obtained. These fruit cakes are very stimulating and inspiriting, as may be learned from the story of the fainting Egyptian, in 1st Samuel, xxx. 12, where we read: "They gave him a piece of a cake of figs, and two clusters of raisins; and when he had eaten, his spirit came again to him." The abundance and hardiness of the figtree in Palestine is astonishing; the roads being lined with them, and the dust and stones actually nourishing and sustaining their persistent growth. Jesus passed again over the oft-trodden path towards Olivet and the city, "and as He went He hungered; and when He saw a fig-tree (a solitary fig-tree) He came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only."—St. Matt. xxi. 18, 19. was not an extraordinary fact, and Jesus knew that there were no figs beneath the

broad leaves, except the green and unripe fruit which had hung there all the season, and which were unfit to eat. He had an object in this.

The day of parables opened with a very practical illustration of the truth the Master desired to teach. A parable is a vivid symbol or figure laid alongside of the lesson inculcated. And this striking picture of the hypocritical and fruitless Jews is readily perceived by the willing spirit, and the eyes that are open unto instruction. And while the disciples wondered at His movements, Jesus said unto the barren tree, "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever," "and presently the fig-tree withered away." This is the only acted parable given in the gospels, and is therefore remarkable. Perhaps it was to be a seen proof of the fulfilment of all that should soon come to pass concerning the devoted city be-It was a profound parable—it was a panoramic lesson; for "the close

moral analogy, the accordance with the common phraseology between the barren tree, disqualified by its hardened and sapless state from bearing its natural product; and the Jewish nation, equally incapable of bearing the fruits of Christian goodness, formed a most expressive, and as it were, living apologue."-Milman. There are three kinds of figs in Palestine. First, the early fig, which blossoms in March, and ripens its fruit in June; second, that which blossoms in June, and ripens in August; and third, the kind mentioned here, which deceived the passing pilgrim by an unusual display of leaves. Indeed, it was a "fit emblem of the hypocrite, whose external semblance is a delusion and sham-fit emblem of the nation in whom the ostentatious profession of religion brought forth no fruit of 'good living.'"—Farrar. It was no breach of the eighth commandment, when our Lord reached forth His hand to pluck the fruit that belongs to

another, for Josephus tells us that the farmer is "not to prohibit those that pass by when the fruits are ripe, to touch them, but to give them leave to fill themselves full" of what they may find. After the "feast of the cross," in the autumn, all the figs left on the trees of the orchard are given to the poor, who may have free access to them, and this custom is in vogue to-day. The shade given by the foliage of the fig-tree was very abundant, and in that warm country very refreshing. The leaves were quite broad, and matted together they formed an out-spreading umbrella; so that the expression "to sit under one's own vine and fig-tree" has in it more of truth than poetry.

Leaving the wilting tree, the blessed company journeyed on over Olivet, and passed again within the city walls. As they entered the marble court of the Temple, there approached a stern and formidable procession of richly arrayed

Priests and haughty Pharisees, who had been evidently waiting for the hated Nazarene. At the same time the expectant multitudes crowd around Him, hoping to hear some new word, or to see some new miracle. At once, and with tones of anger, Jesus is met with the question, "By what authority doest Thou these "revolutionary things, and "Who gave Thee this authority?" Try to imagine the calm and steady glance of that piercing eye, which so looked through the very hearts of the base rulers that they quailed before its power. He answers them so unexpectedly and so wisely, that they were at once abashed and disconcerted; and murmuring their confusion they fell back and left the victor with His friends among the common people. And then, seated in their midst, the Divine teacher begins His series of parables, one following the other in rapid succession, convincing, rebuking, and warning those He loved

so dearly, and for whom He was suffering and would suffer ignominy, contemptuous raillery, and open shame. But the wicked rulers were close enough at hand to hear the terrible truth of His parables; and when He spoke of the two sons; and of the husbandmen who killed the servants of their master, and last of all his Son; then the evil counsellors "perceived that He spake of them." After this Jesus narrated the parable of the King who made a marriage for his Son; and of the man who had not on the garment which the royal bounty had provided-and it was very plain to the disciples that the deceptive fig-tree, and these marvellously plain allegories, had accurate reference to the hypocritical Pharisees who stood near by. This entire day we may believe was spent by Jesus in the Temple: there He would not be molested, for it was the inviolable common ground of the whole nation; it was literally in this case a "city of refuge."



Jesus never took unnecessary risks, although, when occasion required, He hesitated not to face an angry populace or an enraged mob.

This open Court of the Gentiles, where Jesus taught, was thronged with multitudes of all nations. From the lands of the rising sun came the descendants of Daniel and the Magi; from the far south came the swarthy Egyptian; while the light-haired Celt from the north, and the sturdy Roman from the west, mingled in the vast assemblage. A gathering like this took place at Pentecost, when the apostles preached to the motley crowd; and probably no such cosmopolitan representation has ever assembled as at the Temple in old Jerusalem. Oh, what an opportunity was this for teaching the "gospel of the Kingdom!" and therefore our Lord "opened His mouth and spake unto" the multitude. Above Him hung the transparent sky, smiling down upon

its Creator and its King. Before Him, though beyond the smoking Altar, and the glorious pillars, stood the veiled and Tabernacled Ark of the Covenant; and around Him stretched the polished columns of the corridors. Did Jesus ever enter the Holy of Holies? He, the God of the Temple; He, the glory of Heaven; He, the eternal High-Priest, did His holy feet ever pass the sacred dividing curtain? No; for until His death and resurrection all things might not be fulfilled: the sacrifice must burn till then, the incense continue its wafted flight heavenward; the symbolic mystery of the Holy Place remain unexplained; the glory of the Highest still unrevealed. Were there ever in the breast of Christ vearnings and desires to enter there? Surely His great swelling heart often longed for a consummation that would convince even the hardest Jew in all that city, for He "desired not the death of the sinner, but would rather that he

should turn from his wickedness and live." And it is not to be doubted that He longed to reveal more miraculously, if possible, His Heavenly majesty unto the unbelieving ones whose eves they themselves "had blinded that they should not see." But then He was content to remain outside of His rightful habitation—an object of envy, scorn, and taunting rebukes; there in the paved court, and not upon the blazing throne, did our God and Saviour dispense the blessings of His life-giving word. And now the gates were about to close for the night, and therefore Jesus with His friends went out of Jerusalem, crossing the valley and the hills, halting only where the peaceful glades of Bethany invited them to needed repose. And while Jesus poured forth His prayer into the open ear of the Father, the wicked rulers held a council in the city, that by some preconcerted plan they might not only "entangle Him in His

talk," but if possible capture His person, and thus destroy their greatest enemy. But God cares for His own, and bringeth to naught the machinations of the evil man.

## Juesday in Holy Week.

A DAY OF QUESTIONS.

### III.

It will be remembered that three paths led from Bethany to Jerusalem; they all met at the descent near the Garden of Gethsemane, and from their point of junction to the great gate the single road was broad and smooth. Either the darkness prevented, or the disciples, with their Master, took a narrow foot-path directly over the Mount of Olives the night before, so that the blasted and dead figtree had not been seen by them, until they retraced their steps in the morning by the more common road. Perchance the deadly simoon had been the agent of

destruction at the command of Jesus the God of nature; or there may have been no intermediate factor, save the word of our Lord. At any rate, the tree was dead, and the band of brethren stood before it in awe, and with questioning glances they appealed to the Saviour for some further word. He taught them once again a lesson of the power of God; and made it very practical, by pointing to the mountain over against them, and claiming that by the exercise of faith, not only might they themselves work the destruction of a fig-tree, but even morethey might command that tree-crowned, rock-ribbed hill, to be cast into the blue Mediterranean Sea, and it would be done.

After Jesus had left them in the world, and the Holy Ghost had come, the apostles remembered all these strange sayings of their Master, and as they prayed the "prayer of faith"—lo, the sick were healed, devils were expelled,

and even the sleeping dead were roused, and obeyed the voice of power and trusting belief in the ability of "that God with whom all things are possible." This was the last day in which Jesus Christ taught, and preached publicly before the people; and it was His severest experience with His enemies, for truly He was "beset behind and before," and still nothing was accomplished but their discomfiture, and the glory and will of God. Every subtle plan of scribe, priest, or Pharisee was detected, and brought to naught: only the cumulation and success, of all those things which had been ordered long before by the Divine fiat, and which had been even prophesiedonly the arrangement which resulted in the necessary consummation, were permitted to be perfected. And after His morning devotion in the Temple, Jesus was confronted by a deputation from the Heròdians, who by asking whether it were lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar

rather than to God, hoped to secure such an answer, as would give a pretext for accusing Him of treasonable sentiment against the government. But "God was with Him," and He put them to shame by His ready and patriotic reply.

The Herodians were more of a political than an ecclesiastical party. They centered their hopes of final triumph in the family of Herod, and imitating the original king who slaughtered the Holy Innocents at Bethlehem when Christ was born, they now joined with their enemies, the Pharisees, that they might make common cause against the Saviour who had just entered Jerusalem as a triumphing King. The Herodians were inclined to foreign customs; they imitated the Greeks, and aped the Romans, fawning upon the pagan soldiers and officers who were then in Syria, and consequently estranged themselves from the more consistent, and fanatical Pharisees. And now, lest Jesus gain further

advantage, there steps before Him a band of Sadducees, who ask Him the singular question concerning the woman who had married seven husbands. This was a coarse and sneering inquiry-based not so much on hatred against Jesus, as upon a desire to puzzle the Lord. The Sadducees were the infidel materialists of Jerusalem; they were the Epicureans, and their morale was certainly of a very low and sensual order. But by contrast, the reply of the Blessed Jesus was in like proportion pure and grand. He "opened the gates of Paradise so widely that men might see therein more than they had ever seen before." For He told them that where the dividing line stretched between this world and the next, mortality laid aside its carnal robes, and angels led the "spirits of the just" unto the place and condition of spiritual terfection, where love is made glorious, even the very reflection of God. Then He showed them how great was their igno-

rance of the Scriptures, and proved to them that God was the God of those who live, and not of the inanimate dead. And now the interest that centres around the Divine speaker is most intense. The Pharisees had urged on the Herodians and the Sadducees; the devil always employs every agent he can secure to accomplish his malignant designs; and forth from among the angry Pharisees steps one of the wisest, and most learned of their number; and more for the satisfaction of his own curiosity than the accomplishment of his original intention to "entangle our Lord in His talk," he asks "which is the greatest commandment of the Law?" Jesus, the affectionate one, Jesus, the very image and counterpart of His Father-Jesus the Infinite Saviour-answers that the underlying Law of all Laws, is Love-Love to God, and Love to one's neighbor-for this is but the will of the Divine Parentthis is but the heart of Law and Prophets

-this is but the entire fulfilment of the desire of that "God whose name is Love." The sublimity of this response, and the convincing, convicting demeanor and words of Jesus, so entirely overwhelmed this Pharisee, that he at once acknowledged the power and claims of the Master; and deserting his astounded companions, espoused the cause of the Blessed Saviour. This was the end of the attempt to entrap Jesus in His speech. The Pharisees were now all the more enraged, and they stood before the earnest man, biting their lips with vexation and chagrin. For they had "experienced by the defeat of their cunning stratagems, and the humiliation of their vaunted wisdom, that one ray of light from the sunlit hills on which His spirit sat, was enough to dissipate, and to pierce through and through the fogs of wordy contention and empty repetition, in which they lived and moved and had their being." It was now His turn to

question the questioners; and quickly referring them to the 110th Psalm, which they held as purely Messianic, He asked them if David did not refer to that Messiah when he calls Him his Lord—how then could He be son and Lord?

They knew that Jesus was David's son: they knew full well that He claimed to be the Messiah, and they knew even-better that they had rejected Him and spurned the "One altogether lovely;" and probably then their hearts condemned them, and their consciences smote them as with a terrible lash-and perchance the light of truth flashed across them for the last time, even as the glowing meteor before it falls into the inky sea. And Jesus faced the entire assemblage. He stood where He could see the more than six thousand worshippers who had crowded around-and lifting up His God-like voice, He rolled out the thundering, Woe -Woe-to you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! He called upon the people

to resist not their rightful authority, but their fearful viciousness. He laid bare the whited sepulchres, and displayed the falsity and hollowness of their pretentious professions. His clear denunciatory tones rang through the corridors and resounded along the open courts-and like the burning blast of God, His condemning words sunk into the hearts of His hearers. Why did not they wither and die before Him as did the fig-tree? Why did not they flee before the scorching accusations, as terror-smitten pilgrims dash along the heated sands before the oncoming "wind of fire"? Because God's will was not yet accomplished, and "the end was not yet." The whole nation might not perish-only one man must dieand so the inevitable, was not yet fulfilled.

Thus was Jesus implanting the germs out of which should spring the Church. For three years "the common people had heard Him gladly." Far and near His fame had spread; the constant ap-

peal which He made unto prophecy and unto "His mighty works" had set the multitude to a new task, and they were searching the scriptures daily, that they might learn more fully concerning the claims of the Redeemer; and here in the assembly of all the nation, here at the great feast where the ends of the earth were well represented, Jesus proclaimed His message, proved His wisdom, denounced the fraud and unjust tyranny of the rulers, and prophesied destruction on the country. After all these things had come to pass, do you not believe that multitudes came over to "the faith as it is" in our Lord? Mindful of the events which they themselves had witnessed at that memorable Passover, they were now only too glad to accept of the offers of salvation in the militant Church. Like an ark of safety, its doors of forgiveness were opened wide, and men entered and worshipped at the shrine of Divine Love. And when the

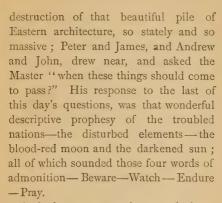
first century was drawing to its close, the farthest limits of the known world had learned of the Saviour, and "disciples were being added" to the Church continually. But now the work of Jesus in the world is ended; how strange the thought, how ominous the fact. He had finished the work His Father had given Him to do in so far as a public ministry was concerned. He had delivered the message of Heaven, to the inhabiters of earth. Was it with a feeling of relief that Jesus hailed this fact? Was He wearied with His fruitless labors? Had He accomplished all that could be done? Doubtless He would have remained among men years longer: doubtless His own anxious and generous heart would have forgotten and forgiven instantly the insults and rebukes, the mockeries and persecutions, and He would gladly have tarried here, if by so doing He could effect greater results; but the spirit of devotion was perfect in Jesus, and therefore He could

pray "not My will, but Thine, O God, be done." Souls He had already saved -souls He must save-but the remission of sins-this could only be accomplished by the extinguishing of yonder altar fires, and by the "shedding of His own most precious blood." And cognizant of the sorrows, and cruelties, that awaited Him ere the Holy Week should close, Jesus went out for the last time through the "Beautiful gate of the Temple," and sought the height on Olivet which overlooked the city. Seated there, in the evening hour, Jesus looked down upon the Temple He loved, but whose destruction He had just foretold to His inquiring disciples. He saw the snowy pavement of the great area, dotted with the thousands who were gathered for evening worship. To His ears came wafted by the soft wind the solemn harmony of the Temple hymn, while the blue smoke from the sacrificial fire rose peacefully towards the sky. The western

sun was sinking beneath the hills that skirt the Mediterranean shore, and its last brilliant rays shot aslant the magnificent Temple. Brightly sparkled the golden spikes that adorned the costly Transparent almost were the roof. choice pillars of the colonnade; and like fairy structures, tinged with unearthly glory, stood the towers, and pinnacles, and battlements of the marble palaces in the mellow light. And this was Jerusalem the beloved, this the devoted inheritance of the chosen tribes-the wicked city—the rejecter of its King and Saviour -"the glorious, guilty city, which had shed the blood of all the prophets, and was doomed to sink through yet deadlier wickedness, to yet more awful retribution. And the setting sun of His earthly life flung deeper and more sombre colorings across the whole scene of His earthly pilgrimage."

Filled with the impressiveness of the words of Jesus as He prophesied the





And they arose and crossed down to Bethany. In silence they may have passed along the deserted roadway—"communing with their own hearts." Can we not imagine this peaceful, quiet walk? Jesus leading the little band, the silver moon just rising over the palmtrees with chastened light—"the garish hues of day insensibly blending at each step with the moonlight and twilight,

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like that solemn twilight-purple of coming agony into which the noon-day of His happiest ministry had long since begun to fade."



## A DAY OF SILENCE.

## IV.

"Underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires."

MILTON.

JUST previous to the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, there is a sickly lull in nature, an ominous, deathlike silence prevails. The leaves of the trees hang motionless, the clouds cease almost their onward sailing, and a strange quiet serves as a monitor for the inhabitants who dwell in the villages at the foot of the volcano. In the hot July and August days,

when a thunderstorm is coming on, there is a silence of like character. The birds and cattle notice it, and seek the shelter of nest and shed. There seems to be a stoppage, in the entire machinery of nature, as though preparation were being made for some remarkable approach, and earth gathers up her robes, and folds them carefully and noiselessly, that she may not be surprised or startled. In the fighting of two armies, it has been remarked, that just previous to the severest and bloodiest charge, a cessation of hostilities ensues; just as two wild beasts draw back upon their haunches, each glaring at the other, and waiting the while before the last and fatal blow be struck. Whenever great crises are imminent, there is a preparatory calm; an hour of retirement, a period of privacy. Moses, in the seclusion of the hills; Elijah in the wild wady beds, waiting for God's command. John Baptist in the wilderness, and Jesus in the desert; these are familiar, and serve to illustrate

the fact. When a man is to come forward and face the world, fight the flesh, and drive off the devil, by entering into a visible covenant with his God in the sacrament of holy Baptism and Confirmation. it is well if he retire within himself, and in the Bethany of his own heart commune with the Master "and be still." When a man is to present the "living sacrifice of soul and body" unto the actual service of Christ in the holy Ministry, the Church commands him to go apart from the world, for an appointed season, that so he may work out the meaning of those inner and mysterious omens, which suggest battle for the truth, and victory for the faithful. We require these returning hours. Lent comes upon the community with a blessing every spring, and Holy Week especially, demands a seclusion and a devotion preëminently strict and guarded. Perhaps this very day, which we may well denominate the "Day of Silence," suggests a more tho-

rough examination of one's heart and motives in the secret chamber; calling upon us for more abundant "searching out of the spirit" that is within us, and for more vigorous and earnest prayer, and preparation, for the service that awaits us on the memorial evening of to-morrow. Perhaps, in obedience to this natural law, Jesus our blessed Saviour remained "hidden from the view of the world" during the last Wednesday of His life. He may have been with Lazarus and his sisters, but it is more probable that He passed the hours in the shadow of the trees near by, praying and talking with His disciples about the sin of the world, and the necessity for watchfulness and strength from the Father. Alone, and at peace, Jesus was bracing His human nature for the conflict that awaited. Retired from the noise of the multitude, Iesus sought the directing aid of Heaven -and a "veil of holy silence falls" between us and our dear Redeemer.

need not penetrate that sanctified privacy—we may only ourselves imitate Christ, and seek Him this day, that by precious nearness unto Him we may be made more pure and holy.

"'Twas silence in Thy Temple, Lord,
When slowly, through the hallowed air
The spreading cloud of incense soared,
Charged with the breath of Israel's prayer.

"'Twas silence round thy Throne on high, When the last wondrous seal unclosed, And in the portals of the sky, Thine armies awfully reposed."

Keble.

But let us walk back to the brow of Olivet, and look down upon Jerusalem. We may mark more perfectly now, the beauty and noble grandeur of that famous city, and acquaint ourselves the better with its prominent features. A sense of reality, will heighten our more thorough appreciation of the holy places where Jesus walked in the days when our Redemption was accomplished. There

is no city so interesting, and few as venerable as Jerusalem. Its situation, its people, its history, make it a study for the curious, while its scriptural importance (being mentioned in the Bible no less than one hundred and eighteen times), and especially the fact that Jesus became so closely identified with its closing annals, endues its story with an interest more intense than that which commends the study of any other ancient name and place. To the Jew, it is the holiest spot on the round globe; thither the pious Mussulman bends his reverent footsteps, while the Christian crusader, and the devout pilgrim, enter its walls with bowed head and subdued spirit. Hearts ever yearn towards its shrines; prayers continually ascend for its "prosperity and its peace," battles have been fought for the possession of its holy places; lives have been freely given for its sake; and expectation in the breasts of many, designate it as the seat of final power in this world, and as the spot where the throne of the great judgment shall be set.

There never has been known such an arena, on which conflicting opinions have had their contests. The pagan Jebusite has fought within, and about its walls, for his idols and his fires; the Hebrew has contended stoutly for the sanctified places of his forefathers, and for the honor of his chosen race; the Assyrian, the Egyptian, and the Parthian, have in successive turns desecrated its courts, and polluted its streets and walls; the Roman has driven his chariots proudly and triumphantly through its royal gates, and elevated his victorious eagles above its towers and pinnacles. The Greek and the Infidel, have erected their sensual places of sacrifice and worship on the very site of Jehovah's Altar; while the Christian knight, with more of martial zeal than spiritual discretion, has massacred thousands, that the Cross might once more take the place

of the crescent. In the fifteen centuries which elapsed between the first authentic reference we have, and the final prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, by our blessed Lord, to which we have listened; and leaving out all the history of the nineteen centuries that have passed since that period; the city was besieged "seventeen times, twice it was razed to the ground, and on two other occasions its walls were levelled. In this respect it stands without a parallel, and the fact is one of great significance." Jesus knew all these historic truths; His Divine wisdom took in, at a single glance, the peculiar story of that glorious metropolis over which He mourned, and for whose safety He would have gathered her children together under the Almighty protection, "even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wing."

We must, however, confine ourselves to the Jewish features of its story, and consider with some minuteness its appearance, as our Saviour saw it when He was "seated over against it," on the Mount of Olives.

Fervid and almost inspired, are the images by which the eastern mind described and represented the beautiful city. One called it Ariel-or the Lion of God-bespeaking for it strength and might; another called it the "hearth of God"-suggesting an abiding place, an earthly home for the Almighty. The pious Israelite, and the inspired Evangelist, said it was "the holy city." The Arab delighted in naming it "the holy house" or "the Sanctuary," "the venerable place," or "the noble." Some earnest devotees found Jerusalem to be the very and exact centre of the earth-from whose influencing core went out all the good, and all that was beautiful and pure. It was considered to be the "pupil of the eye of the world," whose flashing might be seen far and near, and this is alluded to in

one of the Targums thus: "The world is like to an eye; the white of the eye is the ocean surrounding the world; the black is the world itself; the pupil is Jerusalem, and the image in the pupil is the Temple." High above the surrounding territory—it was indeed "the light" of that miniature world of Palestine-and placed above all other localities in sentiment, and histrionic interest, by the sanctification which the presence of Jesus, and the birth of the Christian Church have given to it, Jerusalem is assuredly glowing with a refulgence and a radiance that makes it a type of the new city that is above, and whither the saints among all the tribes of earth, are ever bending their earnest footsteps. The name, as well as the place, has been a subject for controversy; among the learned, words have waxed hot, and the dispute has grown into cause for violent opposition. Some have believed that old Melchizedek, King of Salem, gave a name to the early city. The Rabbins claim that Abraham united with Shem in the naming-the former commemorating the deliverance of Isaac-suggesting Jirch - while the latter appended the word Shalem. We shall be satisfied with the decision of a recognized authority, and accept the translation of: "Foundation of Peace" as a suitable denomination for that strong abiding-place among the almost impregnable hills of Palestine. will bear in mind, while standing in imagination on the Mount of Olivesthat you are between two and three hundred feet above the city, and can look down upon, and across its inclosures, a better idea will be gained of the wonderful spot. Try to picture an immense promontory, surrounded at its base, on all but the narrow upper side, with a series of deeply gorged valleys, instead of the blue sea; or imagine a great walled city with an enormous fosse cut out around and beneath the cliffs upon

which it rises-and you will have a rough sketch of the position of Jerusalem. God made it to be a stronghold-a fortressa spot so secure that it might actually be a foundation of peace - since the enemy might not enter within. It was entrenched by nature, and the rocks rose so precipitously from the ravines, that they hardly needed the walls of masonry which were added. So strong was it considered by reason of its situation, that a quaint saying prevailed, that the "blind and the lame could hold Jerusalem against the besieger." The city was built at the end of this promontory, and was divided itself into two sections, by a narrow gorge, which was spanned by a massive bridge of stone. Although this was not the highest city in Palestine, since Hebron sat upon a loftier hill, yet its peculiarly desirable situation rendered it most remarkable and valuable. It was almost enclosed by a circlet of mountains, and hence

the poet King sang, "The hills stand round about Jerusalem," while the devoted Rabbins called it the "crown of the world." The first section, nearest the Mount of Olives, was Mount Moriah, and was devoted almost exclusively to the Temple with its adjoining buildings, cloisters, and towers. The upper section, was more especially a place for homes and for the business of the place, and was called Zion, or the city of David. The separating valley was the Tyropoean. Between the city and Olivet, at the base of the Eastern wall, ran the valley of the Kidron-a winter stream, which lower down was called Jehoshaphat, through which poured a brook. The valley of Hinnom curved around the eastern and southern foundation, and joined the valley of Jehoshaphat, from whence a rugged descent was made to the Dead Sea, -Along the valley of Hinnom were fires, burning the offal and garbage of the city, which were

thrown there. Here, in the ancient and corrupt days of Israel's history, the altars of Moloch were crected, and the helpless infants were offered in sacrifice and destroyed by cruel fires. In order that their screams might not be heard, the Tophim (which is the Hebrew for drums), were sounded, whence the name Tophet was derived.

Josiah the King, destroyed the wicked places of idolatry and desecrated the spot by casting the bodies of dead beasts there, and the accumulated decaying mass bred pestilence, so that fires were lighted and kept burning, as purifyers of the atmosphere. From this fact our Saviour drew His illustration of the place of future torment, "where their zvorm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." Along the sides, and at the bottom of the valley of Jehoshaphat, gleamed the whited sepulchres of the Jews. There was the Mausoleum of Absalom, which he himself had built; and the forefathers of many

Scribes and Pharisees had there their resting-places.

The northern end of the city spreads forth towards the outlying country, and was the only section which could be taken by assault; and here the towers and walls and bulwarks were built on a most magnificent scale. At such a view as this, David shouts forth his pæan of delight, calling upon the kings of the earth to hearken, and bidding the wondering pilgrim to "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark well her bulwarks."—(Ps. xlviii. 12, 13.)

With the natural limits of these deep valleys, and the lofty walls, Jerusalem was, "as a city compact within itself." It had no immediate suburbs, as is the case with our American and English towns. There were no elegant residences and private parks near by; but the ravines and the gates shut in the people and their homes, while without were the



tombs, rocky dells, and the open hillsides. Very like Edinburgh was the topography of Jerusalem. Placed on a high tableland, with a valley splitting it in two pieces-the likeness has been often made, save that the Scottish city is comparatively isolated, and has no surrounding hills which serve as an amphitheatre. We must not understand the hills around the city to have been enormously high: they were simply rounded elevations, of which Olivet was the highest. Far away to the north-west ran the Moab mountains-changing their shades and their coloring with the advancing hours of day-and bringing to the mind of the Iew the tribes who lived there, and ever suggesting the limits of the earth, the impregnable barrier which Jehovah had placed between His favored Zion and "her enemies round about." Somewhat like Rome, built not upon a promontory table-land, but upon her seven hills, with the Apennine and Alban mountains,

as monarch guards around, was the Jerusalem of old. Placed in the centre of that holy land, and with such remarkable facilities for defence, Jerusalem was held by the Jebusites until the time of David, and by the bravery and intrepidity of Joab, who scaled the walls, an entrance was effected, and the city became the capital of the tribes. It had been neutral ground; from it could be seen the borders of Judah and the inheritance of Benjamin, and it was certainly the desirable place for the city of the King, as it was on the highway for the caravans, north and south. The broadest and best road passed near by the city; and without disturbing its quiet, the stream of travel and commerce added greatly to its importance and value as a central city. High perched on the water-shed which divide the streams that flow on the one hand down to the Jordan, and on the other hand to the blue Mediterranean, Jerusalem became indeed



the desire of all nations, for they and their representatives had often looked upon, and longed for her towers. Thither the Patriarch pressed his weary way; the wandering son of Isaac passed near by; the warrior Joshua, and the hosts of Philistia, the armies of Egypt and Assyria, "Pompey the Great, when in later times he came up from the valley of the Jordan, or the Crusaders, when they came from Tyre with the express purpose of attacking Jerusalem, must all have crossed the territory of Jebus." "Beautiful for situation" was this marvellous city; and although the waves of ruin and prophesied desolation have levelled her towers and walls, have filled her valleys with rubbish, and have obliterated the original features of Zion, yet to-day the traveller lingers with delight near by where stand the ruins of a former glory.

With the pride of a descendant of David, must "King David's greater Son" have gazed lovingly upon the glorious

places, and if perchance we can sketch but a dim outline of the golden capital as it appeared in that elder day unto Jesus, our Holy Week will bear the impress of a more vivid reality. King Solomon began the work of fortification and beautifying, which gave precedent to his successors. He erected massive towers and walls - constructed paved roadways unsurpassed in any age or country-built the marvellous Temple whose architect was God Himself-filled in the gorge and shaped an area of stone called Millo, which was probably like the Forum at Rome-and in a word made of his capital city a rare museum of art, a place where gold and ivory, and precious woods and stone were as the common things in daily use. But all this magnificence was destroyed, and Jerusalem was laid even with the ground, while her children were carried away captive to the lands that lay beyond the hills of Moab. Then Zerubbabel came

back after a long time, and with a handful of Jews rebuilt the fallen walls, and restored the Temple to such a shape and condition that it might again be the place of worship for his people. But once more ruin and devastation ensued, and not until the dawning of that great day when the advent of Christ was being announced, in the reign of King Herod, did Jerusalem begin to assume its former splendor. With some little feeling of veneration for the holy things and places, he determined to make his capital as nearly like the renowned city of Solomon as possible. Hence he employed skilled artisans, levied heavy taxes, compelled the Priests and Levites to learn the trades and arts of the carpenter, mason, and goldsmith, while he imported material and talent sufficient for his purposes. And soon there grew up a city of marble, and gold, and colors, that almost dazzled the beholder; while the Temple of God, with its pavement like milk, its rows of columns and porches, its magnificent gates, and its central Tabernacle, became the wonder of the world, and the pride and joy of the whole nation. And this was its condition when Jesus came hither. Thus He saw it from the overlooking opposite hillside; amid its beauties He passed, in its streets and homes He taught, around its sacred places He lingered, in its Temple He worshipped.

The first feature that must have met the eye of our blessed Lord as He looked down into Jerusalem would be this Temple. Grandest of all the great buildings there, its intense beauty at once would attract, while its holy uses, and its intimate connection with Himself as its God, would seem to focalize His interest and His Divine attention. And then He would drink in all the prominent objects as they successively presented themselves. There run the walls by which Herod not only strengthened, but also enlarged the city limits. The

enormous blocks of bevelled stone, laid with exactest accuracy the one upon the other, many of them over thirty feet long and twenty feet broad, were objects for curious examination. And rising to a lofty height around the entire city, being a continuation of, and enclosing the old wall, their power and beauty was very striking. At many intervals would rise solid towers nearly fifty feet square, and above these were rooms magnificently furnished, while still above these were other rooms, and large cisterns or tanks for holding rain water. Broad white marble steps led up from the city plaza to these chambers in the towers, and thus furnished places of rendezvous for the nobility. Across the city, and at the western wall, arose conspicuous above all other buildings and objects, four immense structures or towers, called Psephinus, Hippicus, Phasælus, Mariamne. These were memorial monuments to the wife, brother, and friends



of King Herod. They were built of solid masonry to a certain point, and then followed palatial rooms, with carved turrets, and external ornamentation in precious marble, as rich and costly as their interiors. They were built so carefully, that the joints where the blocks of stone met could hardly be seen, and being polished, they looked like single blocks cut by the hand of the carver. Nothing could have been more imposing than these wonderful towers. highest was about one hundred and forty feet from its base to the pinnacle, while the lowest stood eighty feet above the level of the great wall. Near by stood the marble palace of the King himself. Remember, that these were in the upper city, and a little above and beyond the Temple area, being nearly abreast with the Mount of Olives.

That quaint old writer, Josephus, says that Herod's palace "exceeded his ability to describe it;" for it was so very

curious as to want no cost nor skill in its construction." First, there rose around and enclosed it a marble wall fifty feet high, which was relieved by shapely towers at regular intervals. around were porticoes "one beyond another," and these were supported by green porphyry pillars. Outside the building were graceful groves of tropical trees, with shaded walks, while streams flowed in appointed channels, and bronze fountains poured forth the clear waters, and the white doves cooed among the branches, or flew from their marble abiding places out over the royal home. Within, the splendor and magnificence of the place was only equalled by the spaciousness of the apartments. There were immense bed-chambers that would hold a hundred couches, and the walls were lined with the choicest and rarest of polished marbles from every land. Round about in cut niches were statues by the most renowned sculptors, and

rich mosaics, and fresco painting adorned the ceilings and the roof.

But there is seen another palace, close to the Tyropoean valley, and on the nearer edge of the city of Zion. It is not so magnificent or showy as the glittering marble structure beyond and above it. This is, however, very superb in all its adornments, both within and without, and was the home of the Asmonean princes. Here began the strong and graceful bridge or staircase, which connected the two sections of the city, thus affording ready access to either part at pleasure. And then there was the amphitheatre, with its circling tiers of seats, from which the citizens might view the contests in the arena below them. Thus the upper city was one series of most magnificent buildings-both public aud private-and as they shone bright and fair, and gloriously beautiful in the Syrian light, the view must have been like a vision of fairy land.

Another very conspicuous building, but situated in the lower city, and adjoining the Temple itself, was the great castle called Antonia, after Marc Antony. It was intended as a garrison to the Temple, and for its immediate protection, so that if the city walls were taken, there would still remain this great stronghold undisturbed. Its only entrance was through an inner cloisterporch of the great Temple. Its internal arrangements were commodious and adapted for barracks, and during Herod's reign the Roman soldiers were retained here, that they might quell at once any disturbance in the Temple precincts among Jews or Gentiles. Its exterior was plain, but enormously massive. The heaviest blocks of stone were built into its walls; and its sides were polished smooth, so that no one could climb up, and thus effect an entrance. On the corners of this great castle were three turrets of equal height, and a fourth

which shot up many feet above its neighbors, overlooked the Temple area. By contrast with the pure white towers, the stately palace, and the glorious Temple, this castle looked its very character, and seemed adapted for war, and the index of strength, rather than for peace and worship. And here and there, Jesus would behold sparkling in the sun, the marble-lined pools, placed at convenient distances about the city. They were reservoirs for fresh water, which was brought from without the city, and thus these pools became the supply for the population. They were the public hydrants of Jerusalem, and were carefully protected and vigorously guarded. Private houses were supplied with their own tanks, constructed on the roof, so that rain water might be caught from the passing showers and in the season of rains.

The gates of Jerusalem were also among her boasted works of beauty and

art. There were at least nineteen of these entrances, named from their locality, their peculiar use, or from some individual, or tribe. Beside these, were the magnificent gates of the Temple. At sunset the keepers closed these numerous portals, and after that hour no one could enter or pass out. During the Passover, numbers of the pilgrims from afar, as well as our dear Lord and His disciples, would leave the city-and their tents and fires dotted the hills around and glimmered in the darker hours of night. Where the gates opened upon the valleys, there were marble and stone bridges, under which the dashing waters tumbled in their downward rush towards the sea far below. These massive entrances were before the eye of the king continually, and so he sang "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion." They constituted a great part of the strength of the city, for they were of most powerful construction, and offered the same,

if not greater resisting force than the walls themselves. But the object which outshone all the other palaces, towers, and castles, was the Temple of Jehovah. The other works were eclipsed by its splendor, and they seemed, notwithstanding their magnificence, dull, and plain when compared with the glory of the House of God.

The architects of every age have made the two Temples, built by Solomon and Herod, not only their study, but their patterns for imitation. The many conjectures that have arisen, and the numerous theories proposed, have filled volumes, which the curious look upon with no little wonder. Whether the original Temple of Solomon was built after an Assyrian, or an Egyptian model; whether the cubit of measurement was that used in the construction of the Great Pyramid, or from the Grecian standards, whether its workmen served in the west, or the far east; these are questions which

have vexed the wise men of the centuries. And after all, the best we can know is given us in the Word of God; and the Tabernacle, as an original model, is fully described in the Book of Exodus, at the 36th chapter. The Bible also gives us an account of the Temple of Solomon, so wonderful for its minuteness, and so careful in its every detail, that the interested reader will appreciate something of its marvellous beauty and costliness. But there is this that is very strange about the Temple of Solomon. have no relic of its original grandeur, and no trace of its remains; while the columns and porticoes, the walls and foundations of many contemporaneous buildings, both in Egypt and Assyria, stand to-day as monuments of nations that have passed away. Perhaps the lesson which God would teach by this remarkable fact, is one that a people like our own should lay to heart, lest our works come to a like condemnation.

Why was the Temple built?

The answer begins with the departure of the tribes of Israelitish slaves from Egypt, under the guidance of Jehovah, Whose pillar of fire and smoke led them through the great wilderness. The development of religious fervor and reverence, among the selected people, led to the building of the curtained Tabernacle, which covered the portable Altar of sacrifice, and enclosed the holy Ark, and enshrouded the visible Shechinah or Glory and Presence of the Almighty.

After the reign of King David had ended, his son and successor, Solomon, was commanded to erect the magnificent Temple, over and around the Mount Moriah, as a fit resting-place for the Ark, which had been so many years carried hither and thither through the land. And so the Temple was built—the suitable earthly habitation of One whose high and lofty Home is not by any means the work of men's hands. Solomon's

Temple was an enlarged copy of the original Tabernacle, and its measurements and plan prove this fact. Its Architect was the Almighty, and hence the style of architecture must have been perfect, which is the reason why the builders since that day have sought its exact shape. Of its beauty and glory we can hardly form an estimate, and we must content ourselves with the picture which the inspired historian has vouchsafed us. "The lavish display of the precious metals, the elaboration of carved ornaments, and the beauty of the textile fabrics," must have presented to the eye of the beholder a sight beggaring description. But of the Temple which Herod erected, and which the Redeemer loved to visit, the history of Josephus furnishes an elaborate account, and the Talmud gives some details.

It was built entirely of white marble, and was square. At the right hand, and adjoining it, rose the massive castle of

Its front looked over Antonia. Olivet, and formed part of the eastern wall, which was itself adorned by the Golden gate, leading directly across the Kidron. At its south-western corner, started the bridge which passes to the upper city, while at the southern corner were buildings attached, serving as a staircase to a gate which opened far down in the valley of Jehoshaphat. If you will remember that this Temple was built around a rock, being filled in with massive masonry which rose from the base of the hill, you may form an idea that is correct. There were three raises, and perhaps a fourth, which served as an outer plaza for the building. The central platform held upon its smoothed and polished surface the glorious Tabernacle, which was approached by broad marble steps. In front of it, and directly upon and a part of the rock of Abraham, or Moriah, was built the immense Altar of sacrifice. It was about seventy-five

feet square, and twenty-five feet high. The priests approached it by a broad inclined plane, so that when ministering there, they stood far above the people, who could distinctly see their every mo-At the rear of the altar were great rings and stakes, to which the many bullocks and fatlings of the flock were tied, preparatory to their slaughter. At one side ran a trench, with a large opening for draining off the blood, connecting with the sewer far underground. At the foot of the altar steps was an immense cistern, which supplied water for the Altar and Temple. This stood out under the sky-and in fact the entire Temple was roofless, except the Tabernacle, and the porticoed cloisters. This central platform was raised about two feet above the lower plane, so that the people might not interfere with the priests as they served.

The Temple square was surrounded by cloisters, supported by simple pillars, and these were divided into sections, by magnificent gates, each of which was covered with plates of wrought gold and silver. The central one was called the "Beautiful gate," and has never been equalled, for value and workmanship. It was made of polished Corinthian brass, a metal more precious than gold. Its doors were so heavy, that twentymen were required to open and close them, for they were sixty feet high, and were almost solid with the massive plates of gold and silver affixed.

A flight of steps extended across the entire eastern front of these cloisters, leading down into another plaza, called the court of the women, as females were not allowed to come any nearer than this to the Holy Place. And here again, extended a row of cloistered pillars, as beautiful and costly as their predecessors. These cloisters served as coverings to the people from the sun and showers, while they furnished, as it were, convenient

chapels and prayer-places. Here, doubtless, our Lord would gather the people together, while He discoursed of Himself and His holy doctrines.

Passing through another magnificent gate, whose doors were also adorned after a most gorgeous manner, we reach a flight of fourteen marble steps. Underneath the gateway arch were rows of pure snowy pillars, while on either side were rooms, probably used by the Priests and Levites. In fact the cloisters were some of them doubled, so that rooms opening into the Temple area were at the disposal of those who served in holy things. At the bottom of the steps. which extended around three square sides of the building, we are upon a broad white platform, bounded by upright shafts, upon which was engraved the law of Purity in Greek and Roman characters, forbidding any foreigner to step up upon its hallowed precincts. This was the Sanctuary, and from it, by

four or five steps, we stand at length upon the Court of the Gentiles. Here a motley crowd gathers; and from one of the superb porticoes, which like a cloister extends entirely around the whole place as its external limit, must St. Peter have preached to the assembled multitude on the day of Pentecost. These cloisters were, perhaps, the most extensive and magnificent of the Temple. They had double aisles, separated by white pillars made of single blocks of stone, nearly fifty feet high. The roof overhead was of cedar and olive wood, carved with finest skill. Here were the seats of the money changers, and the stalls of those who sold doves, and this was the spot which our Lord cleansed on the great Palm-Sunday.

The magnificence of this wonderful building cannot be in any way described or comprehended. The poet has vainly used his pen, and the almost inspired painter has unsuccessfully plied his brush. The buildings that have arisen since its destruction, are poor imitators of its pristine glory; indeed they are, the best of them, as compared with its grand costliness, almost unfit for the honor and glory of God.

We have left the central Temple, and by successive steps, and through several gates, have reached the outer square. Let us retrace our way now, and standing before the great heart of that holy place, gaze with astonishment upon the Holiest spot on earth. Twelve steps lead up to it. Upon them we see the white-robed Priests, as they pass to and fro. Its dimensions are equal: but in front extend two towers or wings, forming a suitable entrance. Here was a gateway nearly one hundred feet high, but it had no doors, "for it represented the universal visibility of heaven." Its front and sides were covered with gold all over, and looking through and beyond, could be seen the splendor of the inner court. Around it ran a jewelled vine, with enormous clusters of grapes, as large as a man, for bulk. Within were other golden doors, but before them hung the great Vail, woven richly in mixed colors of scarlet, blue and purple. Upon its face were embroidered mystical figures and symbolic emblems.

Far within, where none but the High-Priest might presume to enter, and he only once a year, was the Holy of Holies, containing the Ark of the Covenant, the Cherubim, and the Holy things mentioned in Scripture. But of that spot we may not speak, for it is sacred from the eye of ordinary mortals. And this was the Temple which Jesus knew and loved. Here He worshipped, here He taught. Oh, how meet that its beauty was so marvellous, for what can man offer too choice for his Master! The old Jew, whose annals furnish us with so many interesting details of that sanctified spot, concludes thus: "The outward face of that Temple was covered all over

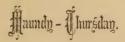
with plates of gold, of great weight; and at the first rising of the sun, reflected back a very fiery splendor, and made those who forced themselves to look upon it, to turn their eyes away just as they would have done at the sun's own rays. But this Temple appeared to strangers, when they were coming to it, at a distance, like a mountain covered with snow; for as to those parts of it that were not gilt, they were exceeding white. On its top it had spikes of gold, with sharp points to prevent any pollution of it by birds sitting upon it." Beautiful Temple of God, but never so beautiful as when the Saviour stood within thy glorious courts, hallowing every spot by His holy presence.

But turn from these visions of interest and beauty to another scene in the closing drama. While Jesus remains peacefully at Bethany, Judas matures and perfects his arrangements, and consummates a plan by which the Master is to be captured. It is hardly probable that he remained with the Saviour during the long hours of quiet, for how could he have endured the words of Christ-how could he, in the mild presence of the Lord, have nursed within his breast the resentment, and anger, and wickedness which led him eventually "to his own place." The Sanhedrin with whom he had covenanted was the Judicial and Decisive Body of the nation. It consisted of seventy members, and the High-Priest was generally president. If a tribe fell into idolatrous practices, or a false prophet, priest, or teacher appeared, this was the tribunal at which trial must be had. They sat in a semicircle, in a hall called Gazzith, and they were esteemed to be the most profound and wisest of the learned men in Jerusalem. Hence it was that Judas went to them for instructions, and hence it was that before them were arraigned our blessed Lord, and afterwards the apostles, who were



accused of blasphemy and false teaching. How remarkable the contrasts in this day of silence! The serenity of Jesusthe bitter, tumultuous anger and hate of Judas. The calmness and beauty of the landscape which met the eye of the Saviour as He sat under the trees at Bethany-the dark, forbidding gloom of the hall where were gathered the wicked rulers of Jerusalem. The holiness, the humbleness, the plainness of Christ, the sin, and pride, and arrogance of the scribes and Pharisees, Indeed, these strange opposites are continually presented throughout the gospel narrative; and perhaps they are intended as representations of the difference between earth and Heaven, between the sinlessness of the Redeemer, and the evil that predominates in human nature. And when the day closed, and the evening prayer was offered-the Master "lay down for the last time on earth. On the Thursday morning, He woke never to sleep again."-Farrar.





A DAY OF COMMAND.

## V.

THIS has been called "Maundy Thursday" in the Christian Church for many years. It is derived from the two Latin words, "Dies Mandati," and means "Day of Command." As our blessed Lord instituted the Last Supper with His disciples, and commanded them to "Do this in remembrance" throughout the future generations, the day has received its appellation with significant appropriateness. It has been kept with unusual solemnity; and celebrations of the Holy Communion have been had both in the morning and

in the evening. It is assuredly a precious day to us all, because it begins to open up the "way of everlasting Life," furnishing our spiritual needs with nourishment, that is truly the very bread and wine of Heaven.

Another day is passed by Jesus in seclusion. He may have gone as far as Olivet, and there, in one of the gardens that adorned its sides, the little company may have waited till evening before entering the city. Oh, how blessed would be a knowledge of all that Jesus said in those precious hours of converse! Unusual would be the pathos of His loving voice. Divinely earnest, the instruction and counsel which He proffered. followers knew that the crisis was imminent; probably they suspected that the absence of Judas meant rebellion and evil. They certainly read in the face of the Lord the approaching trials which His infinite knowledge made known. And their ears were doubtless attentive,

that they might catch every word as it dropped from His lips. The Church in Christendom holds this Maundy-Thursday in special regard. In the Greek Church there are solemn services, and celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. In the Roman Church, all the tapers are extinguished, and the ornaments are removed from off the altars. While in our Anglican communion there prevails a solemnity of preparation for the Commemorative Feast, which is had generally in the evening, and within the darkened church. As Jesus spent this day in preparing for the Passover, so should we retire within our inmost selves; confessing to the Saviour our sins of omission and commission, and craving an increase of that Faith, which is sufficient to show unto us Jesus as the vivifying power within us-"the hope of glory."

In the morning Jesus had a conversation with the disciples as to the

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proper place where they should celebrate the Passover. And He gives the required instructions to Peter the earnest, and John the loving companion, and they leave the brethren and go over into the city. As the Lord had said, so it happened unto them, for they meet a servant bearing a large earthen jar upon his shoulder, filled with water from the neighboring reservoir. They followed him to his master's house, and entering, they tell the willing disciple, who may have been Joseph of Arimathea, that the Lord needed the large upper-room for the evening solemnities. alacrity he orders every arrangement to be made-the mats and rugs are laid down by the door, and in the centre of the open space; while the couches are prepared by the side of the long table. Peter and John go into the Temple in the mean while, and from the thousands of white lambs, select one "without spot or blemish," which they kill, and

place upon two crossed sticks of pomegranate wood, and bear away for roasting. This slaying of the Paschal lambs was very solemn. The white-robed priests, standing in two long lines, passed the blood of the lambs from one to the other. in gold and silver cups, and then poured it into two openings by the side of the altar. All the while, the Levites would chant the great Psalm, and the peals from the trumpets added to the impressiveness of the occasion. The bread and the wine, too, were purchased by the disciples, and when the feast was ready, it was drawing towards the hour of evening sacrifice.

The two Feasts which our Saviour celebrated were distinct. The first was the Jewish Passover, and *after* it, came the institution of the new, the more beneficial, the holier Supper, which we call after Him who first ordained it for the blessing of our souls and bodies.

Judas was now with the disciples. He

had made his final bargain, and possibly carried the horrible price of blood in the money bag which hung from his For thirty shekels, our Lord was sold into the hands of wicked men. This was the price of a slave—Exod. xxi. 32-and amounts to a sum a little less than twenty dollars of our money. It was not intended to be an equivalent for the person of Jesus, but was simply a fee given to Judas for leading the servants and underlings, from the city to where Jesus might be concealed. Judas ate the Passover with his Master, but immediately after, he went out to consummate his diabolical work. Therefore we are relieved of the disagreeable feeling that he might have partaken of the Communion, which was arranged after the betrayer had departed.

As the day was drawing to its close, Jesus went over into Jerusalem, followed by His friends. Probably no one noticed them, for the light was growing dim, and the people were busily engaged in preparation for the Passover. Seeking the well-known upper room in the city of David, the holy company enter. Their sandals are dusty from the heated road, and they are left at the door. Each takes his place upon the couch, prepared with cushions, unlike the famous picture with which we are all familiar, painted by Leonardo da Vinci. The seats were not arranged like the modern chairs around a table. "The couches or cushions, each large enough to hold three persons, were placed around three sides of one or more low tables, of gayly painted wood, each scarcely higher than stools. The seat of honor was the central one of the central mat. Each guest reclined at full length, leaning on his left elbow, that his right hand might be free. At the right hand of Jesus, reclined the beloved disciple, whose head, therefore, could at any moment be placed upon the breast of his friend and Lord."-Farrar.

But where was the slave whose habit was to wash the feet of the guests, and so refresh them as they partook of the provided meal? Lo, Jesus rises, and taking the jar, or copper basin, from its place by the door, passes from one remonstrating disciple to another, bathing their soiled feet and wiping them with a towel, until all were served. What a sight for angels to behold! They see their King and God, stooping to the place of lowly servitor-and even more-the feet of Judas are washed by Christ, who is thus fulfilling the part of a slave, unto the one who holds the price of a bondman. How shameless must that traitor have been! Could he not cry out-Lord, have mercy on me, thy betrayer! Could he not, at this last hour, as Jesus bent low over his wretched feet, crave for pardon and sue for the love he had forfeited?

But the devil had claimed him for his own, and when the heart is once steeled against Christ, it is almost vain to hope for repentance and contrition. And Jesus, when the task was done, drew over His shoulders the robes which had been laid aside, and took His place among His followers. Again we note the contrasts-Jesus, and the disciples. John leaning upon the right, and Judas sitting at the left of the Saviour. Love in the heart of one-hate in the breast of the other. And as the Feast began, Jesus announced, in words full of mystery, the fact that one of His own disciples should be the agent and cause of His ruin and death.

It must have been a frightful shock to the eleven, but Judas knew full well what the strange words meant. And as they asked with troubled, anxious questioning, "Lord, is it I?" only the quiet answer was returned to the low interrogation of Judas. "Thou hast said." And now the great Feast of the Hebrews is begun. There must be at least ten

persons present at the Passover, and it was eaten according to families, and in private. At the head or centre of the table sits Jesus, the Celebrant, or Proclaimer of the Feast, Before Him are four or five cups of red wine mixed with water, one of which He takes in His right hand and reverently bending that sacred head, He says in Benediction, "Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, the King of the Universe, who hast created the fruit of the Vine." He then drinks of the cup just blessed, and passes it to all who are The copper basin is then brought in, and after the washing of the hands by the entire company, the table is spread with the unleavened bread; the sauce called Charoseth, made from vinegar, figs, dates, almonds, and spice; the roasted Paschal lamb; and the flesh of the Chagigah, which had been brought from the feast offerings at the Temple. When all was ready, Jesus as Proclaimer, lifts up His voice and blesses God for the

fruits of the earth, and taking a piece of the bitter herb which had been provided, dips it into the sauce, and eats it with the disciples. Then Jesus, in answer to the question, "What mean ye by this Feast?" tells them about the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, and the story of the slain lamb whose blood was dashed upon the lintel and posts of the door, that so the Angel of death might pass over the house, sparing its beloved children. After this another cup of wine is blessed and consumed, while the 113th and 114th Psalms are repeated. "Then, after a second washing of hands, taking two of the unleavened cakes, the holy Celebrant breaks one of them, pronouncing a consecrating blessing, and distributes a piece to each person around Him, saying, "This is the bread of affliction, which our fathers did eat in the land of Egypt. Then all dipped their portion with the bitter herbs into the sauce, and ate them."-Maclear. And

now the Lamb is eaten, while the celebrant again blesses three succeeding cups of wine, and thus the holy Feast is brought to its conclusion. After Judas had received his sop, "Satan entered into him," and the patient Lord, turning to him, said very plainly, "What thou doest, do immediately;" and he arose and abruptly left the holy upper chamber and went out into the dark night.

When the wicked element was removed from their midst, Jesus proceeded to that holier and fulfilling Feast which was henceforth to be the Passover of the Christian Church. Enduing it with His own promise of Life and strength,—the Holy Eucharist—the thankful Supper, became the great power of God in the world, from the hour of its institution by the Saviour. Breaking forth with a triumphal cry, Jesus said, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him; if God is glorified in Him, God will also glorify Him in Him-

self, and will straightway glorify Him." Then taking the bread, Jesus blessed it and break it, as in the previous Jewish Feast, and gave it to His disciples, saying, "Take, eat; this is my Body, which is given for you; do this in remembrance of Me." After this He took the cup. and having offered thanks, He gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of this; for this cup is My Blood of the New Covenant, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins; this do ye, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of Me." And so the great, the Heavenly act was finished, and Jesus had vouchsafed to leave a mystery here in the world, not only as a visible sign and new covenant with all who should believe on and confess Him, but also an invisible grace, by which the souls of men are to be fed, and through which they are to be united indissolubly unto the True Vine. And obeying the command of the Redeemer, the Church, since that

holy night, has kept in lively remembrance His love and His words; and the saints have ever been feeding on the white bread, and quaffing the red wine which the heart of Jesus has sanctified and vivified

In the Holy Eastern Church there is sung at this time this beautiful hymn, whose translated words are full of meaning, and full of suggestive thought:

> O, the mystery, passing wonder, When, reclining at the board,

"Eat," Thou saidst to Thy disciples,

"That true Bread, with quickening stored: Drink in Faith the healing chalice From a dying God outpoured."

Then the glorious upper chamber A celestial tent was made. Where the bloodless rite was offered. And the soul's true service paid: And the table of the Feasters As an Altar stood displayed.

Christ is now our mighty Pascha, Eaten for our mystic bread: Take we of His broken Body. Drink we of the Blood He shed : As a lamb led out to slaughter. And for this world offered.

To the Twelve, spake Truth eternal, To the Branches, spake the Vine; "Never more, from this day forward, Shall I taste again this wine, Till I drink it in the Kingdom Of my Father, and with Mine."

Christ to all the world gives banquet, In that most celestial meat; Him, albeit, with lips all earthly, Yet with holy hearts we greet: Him the sacrificial Pascha, Priest and Victim all complete.

DR. NEALE.

The words of the Master to His disciples that evening, were the utterances of one who intimates a farewell. They were full of deepest meaning, and were intended to sink down into the heart, like letters of molten iron in the prepared rock. But the ignorance and stupidity of the eleven, dulled their comprehension, and they did not, until many days after, grasp the real import of the Saviour's suggestions. He gave them the "Law of Love." He told them that they could not follow Him to the death; and informed the contradicting Peter of

his denial. And when He added that the end was near, the offer of the two swords for defence, showed how narrow was the boundary of their vision. And then, to encourage them, the kind Friend announces that in "His Father's House are many mansions," and that He would soon prepare "a special place" for them. The doubtful Thomas interrupts Him with the words, "We know not the way;" and Jesus responds with those words of Infinite beauty: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," But this was not sufficient, for both Philip and Lebbæus interposes each in his turn difficulties which are satisfactorily answered by One who "considered whereof His questioners were made."

Perhaps they rose at this juncture, while the holy Redeemer poured forth His great High-priestly Prayer, in which He calls down upon the chosen "foundation stones" of the Church which they were to sustain, the sanctifying benedic-

tion of the Father. Oh, how little did those plain and uncultured men know of the mighty import of those precious words of blessing; how their power would reach through many generations, penetrating even to the dividing asunder of men from among their fellows, and crowning the succession of Christ's ministering Priests with the influences that can come only from the Heavens where God reigneth. And when the prayer was ended, with one accord the little group broke forth with the strains of the holy Hymn Hallel,\* singing with earnest pathos those prophetic words, "The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul. The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation. The stone

<sup>\*</sup> Psalm cxiii. to cxviii. inclusive, well known to every Jew in Palestine.

which the builders rejected is become the Head-stone in the corner. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

Did Jesus Christ sing that wonderful Hymn with His disciples? Think of it for one moment. Try to imagine the beauty, the richness, the saintly perfection of that voice. How it must have thrilled the happy listener - that voice which could reach the silent ear of death; which could command devils, and drive away disease, as sunshine dispels the morning mist; which could forgive sins; which could bless a nation and a world. Why, no man on earth, before nor since, can have equalled those choice and Heaven-born tones! What purity, and depth, and clearness, and sinlessness must have characterized the voice of the Master! Shall we ever hear it? If in the eternal Heaven, there shall roll the unceasing harmonies of Praise, that shall constitute the worship of that Everlasting Temple, are we to recognize the upraised, Divinely leading tones of the Son of God? Perhaps, at sound of that voice there will be silence in the everlasting courts; angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, prophets, saints, apostles, martyrs, of all ages, bowing down at the transcending harmony which proceedeth from the Throne and the Lamb.

But Jesus our Saviour sang the evening hymn; let us believe the fact, for our own inspiration; and in the worship of the Church on earth, may the thought encourage us to "join glad hearts and voices" in the blessed chants that form so large a part of our appointed service. And they went out into the night. The Paschal moon shone down upon them as they passed along the street of the Temple, and sought the Golden gate which opened upon the bridge that led over Kidron. Probably the rule which prevented egress or ingress to the city, was held in abeyance during the Feast

of the Passover, and so the band of friends were permitted to go out without opposition. Along that sorrowful way had King David passed, many years before. The rebellion and insubordination of his people had driven him forth, and with a heart almost broken because of his sad condition, the monarch stepped from under the shadows of the great gate, "and all the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over; the king also himself passed over the brook Kidron, and David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot,"-2nd Samuel xv. 23, 30.

Do you not suppose that Jesus thought of His human ancestor, who, in suffering thus, was working out not only the best interests of His people, but also the will of God? And do you not remark the strong likeness between these two departures from Jerusalem—the type and

the antitype? And then consider the relation which this spot bears to other features of that holy life. Just at this point Jesus "had been hailed by prophetic hosannas, and His path had been strewn by branches of palm; from that mount near by, He was about to ascend into Heaven, and to hold forth the olive branch of Peace to a reconciled world. Thus the dark boughs of the cedars of the brook, in the Vale of suffering, which led our Saviour to the Hill of Glory, were entwined with Palm branches of Victory, and with Olive leaves of Peace. Such was the Path of Christ; and such is the path of all who would follow Him to glory."- Wordsworth.

Such is the *Via Sacra* trodden by a Redeemer. In those precious footprints let us place our willing feet, that we may share with our Elder Brother the result of His suffering and His love.

How strange and weird must the view have been from the broad and massive bridge! The white moonlight resting on the rows of tombs down in the valley below, prominent among them the spots where Zechariah lay buried and where Jehoshaphat reposed;-the deep shadows falling on the dark green grass, and the low shrubbery, from the projecting rocks; while the caverns and grottoes seemed like great patches of inky blackness, which the pale light intensified. Passing upwards by an easy roadway, the low enclosure, and perhaps gateway to a garden is reached; and here the Saviour with His eleven disciples enter. It must have belonged to some friend or believer, since Jesus had often sought its seclusion in times past, and its inviting paths and places for retreat were well known to them all. This was Gethsemane. It is about a half mile from the city walls, which rise up over against it. There were no parks or gardens inside Jerusalem, and hence the ground beyond the valleys, and on the

sloping hill-sides, was devoted to a number of private enclosures for the pleasure of the citizens. Gethsemane means 'Place of the oil press'-for at one end of the garden or orchard was a huge press, such as crushed the fruit of the olive-trees that abounded here, or the grapes whose purple clusters hung from many a vine. The fig, and pomegranate, and olive-trees filled this place, and in the heated hours, their shadows were most grateful and refreshing. Even to this very day, the traveller is shown eight venerable olive-trees, that are said to have stood in Gethsemane when our Lord walked upon earth; and their gnarled, and twisted weather-beaten trunks and branches are certainly indications that many centuries have seen them standing there. "The most venerable of their race on the face of the earth, they will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem,"-Stanley.



Leaving the eight disciples (who were now weary, ) to rest upon the rich grass near the entrance, the Master takes with Him Peter, and James, and John, and seeks a deeper recess of the leafy sanctuary-made indeed a holy place for prayer, by the identification of the Saviour with its bowers and glades. It was not a matter for surprise to them, that their Lord should cast Himself down before them in prayer. They had seen Him do so many, many times before. In the wilderness, in the mountains, under the trees at Bethany, and here, times without number, had the disciples listened to the holy prayers of Christ. It was His constant custom-it was His most blessed privilege, and it is ours; while the habit ought assuredly to be more thoroughly and consistently cultivated, that so we may become like unto our Lord.

But He could not permit these weak disciples to witness His intensest agony,

and so He tears Himself from them, crying, "My soul is full of anguish, even unto death; stay here and keep watch." And passing out of the moonlight into the dark shadows, Jesus prays with Infinite earnestness unto God. The concentrated agony is now His. The bitter cup is being presented to His lips—our sins are crushing Him down to the ground. The accumulated guilt of the world's generations, like a mountain of intolerable woe, is pressing down upon that meek and spotless Christ. disciples see how terrible is the Passionthey mark the great drops of perspiration that fall like thick blood from His brow -and then, while they talk in whispers, behold a glorious Angel appears from amid the trees, and standing as ministering servant by the Son of God, encourages Him, and He utters those words so marvellous for their spirit of resignation. "Not what I will, but what Thou wilt, O Father."

And then, as though the first paroxysm was over, Jesus arose from the earth, damp with His sacred tears, and seeking the three watchers, He finds them asleep. Three times He suffers with the awful sorrow which the mind of man cannot measure, and each several time He returns to find the weary, weak disciples sleeping heavily. And as He stands by their side, He sees the distant glimmer and flickering of the lights, as the band of soldiers hurriedly leave the city gate and cross the valley; and knowing full well what danger was near, Iesus rouses the whole company and says, "It is enough; the hour is come. Lo! the Son of Man is being betrayed into the hands of sinners—he that has turned traitor is at hand." And while He was yet speaking, the eager crowd of armed ruffians, led by a captain of the Roman cohort which had been given by Pilate to the Sanhedrin for this nefarious undertaking, enter the garden, with lanterns and torches flashing, and carrying pikes, and spears, and swords in their hands, as though some ferocious robber or wild beast were the object of their search. And there, by the side of the Roman officer, stood Judas the base; and leaving the rabble which he had guided to the chosen garden—this wretch approached the Saviour, and with a mock salutation kissed Him on the cheek. This being the sign of betraval, the soldiers at once advance, but as they do so, Jesus pronounces the High and awful name of God—the name unpronounceable by human lips—the name known only to the angels-and He says, "I am." The great I am has spoken—and as though a flash of lightning had smitten them, the whole band fall to the ground in confusion. But it is only a momentary check, for the same power that crushed them, raises them again, and they are permitted to capture and bind the Holy One.

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Dear old Bishop Taylor thus quaintly and beautifully writes: "But there was a Divinity upon Him that they could not seize Him at first; but as a wave climbing of a rock is beaten back and scattered into members, till falling down it creeps with gentle waftings, and kisses the feet of the stony mountain, and so encircles it; so the soldiers coming at first with a rude attempt, were twice repelled by the glory of His person, till they, falling at His feet, were at last admitted to a seizure of His body."

Then the brave, but impetuous Peter, dashes forward, and with his drawn sword, smites one of the High Priest's servants and cuts off his ear; but Jesus rebukes His zealous friend, and never forgetting His mission of love, heals the wounded Malchus at once. This was His last act of blessed cure, and strangely enough, St. Luke, the physician, is the only Evangelist who mentions this miraculous cure. Then all the disciples

forsook their kind Master and fled—while the soldiers lead Jesus out of the garden towards Jerusalem, His gentle hands tied firmly with cruel cords behind His back.

The midnight hour was now fully passed, and the Paschal moon shone down upon the pure Lamb, chosen as a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

"Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray."

Hymns Ancient and Modern,

food-friday.

DAY OF DEATH.

## VI.

THE watchman had called the hour from the great Tower on the wall. The city was asleep, and all was hushed and quiet. The capture of Christ had been made as secret as possible, and the band had probably received instructions to make little or no disturbance and noise in the apprehension of their prisoner. They feared the populace, and they were unwilling to lose this, their last opportunity. As the party hurried out of the garden, with Jesus in their midst, a young man, wearing a light robe, dashed across their path,

frightened at the unusual scene. So precipitous was his flight, that when one of the soldiers reached out his hand to intercept his progress, the youth darted along the way, leaving the garment in his possession. This was probably St. Mark; and the interesting conjecture is proved almost beyond a doubt, by the fact that he alone, of the four Evangelists, mentions the occurrence, which must have been noted by an eye-witness. Some have thought this was Lazarus, while others have imagined, though with no sufficient reason, that this was Saul of Tarsus, at this time, probably, a young student at Jerusalem.

With rapid strides they hurry along over the Kidron, and into the city, seeking at once the home of Annas, who was the most important man in Jerusalem, being the High-Priest that year.

It was after one o'clock at night; but the base and cruel man was ready at a moment's notice, when the officer an-

nounced that Christ Jesus was captured. Annas had been appointed to his prominent office many years previous to this date, by the Roman authorities; then he was removed, and a succession of favorites were placed in the chair of power. But being a wily politician, this Hanan, as he was called, managed to secure the real position of strength, by which he could pull the reins to suit his own avaricious and ambitious aims. He was one of the most wicked men in Palestine; not so much by reason of overt acts of cruelty, as because of that subtle, snake-like, contemptible underhandedness which led him to plot and machinate for the success of his own sinister plans. He was feared in Jerusalem. He was the strong power there, and because of his lack of principle, and his brazen boldness, he was always the first sought out by any party which required an unscrupulous leader.

The Pharisees do not appear as actively

engaged in the death of the Saviour. They were too elegant, and too exact in their notions about the propriety of engaging in such plots. They hated Jesus, and were made happy by what was accomplished. But the Sanhedrin of Priests were the final actors in this murderous proceeding, and they had, in Annas, just the ready friend and helper most required.

Quite near the Temple was the house of this High-Priest. It was really a noble palace, of vast dimensions. Joseph Caiaphas, who had married his daughter, dwelt under this roof; and the followers, and servants, and retainers connected with such an establishment were very many in number.

The houses of that day were like those to be seen in the East at the present time. They were built, for the most part, in Jerusalem, of cut stone, and heavy, well-made brick. Wood was rarely employed in building, because of its scarcity; while the tufaceous stone was easily quarried and was abundant. Constructed around a quadrangular court, which was open to the blue sky, the entrance was made through a heavy double-doored gate. This was generally kept closed, while a smaller wicket-gate would be opened by the attending porter, who was a woman. Around the court, which was paved, and adorned with fountains, ran a series of arched porches, which admitted to the interior rooms. In some cases, the second floor was arranged as a corridor, opening into and looking down upon the Court.

The place to which Jesus was led, must have been one of the gracefully arched recesses on the ground floor, and at the extreme end of the Court. Here Annas came and seated himself, in order that he might go through with the mock trial. Out in the middle of the Court stood a huge bronze brazier, in which the servants had kindled a great

fire; and in its lurid light they stood, hovering over the uplifting flames, warming themselves, for it was cold in the night air. Great lamps of silverhung in the arches, and by their brilliancy the spot where Jesus meekly stood was lighted.

Some little time must have elapsed, as the captain of the guard narrated the particulars of the arrest to Annas and his followers, and it was probably about three o'clock in the early morning, when the few questions were put to the Saviour. We call this a mock trial, because of the lack of authority; because of the secresy of the whole proceeding; because of the insufficiency of testimony; because of the silence of the Lord, who would not deign to defend Himself. This trial and the final sentence was illegal and without any precedent in the annals of justice; and hence the Saviour of mankind suffered, not so much because approved guilty, and worthy of capital punishment,

but because of the necessity for the accomplishment and fulfilment of prophecy, and naturally for the redemption of man. So far as we can judge, then, no other plan than this would have secured the result which has made us free from the power of death. Verily the designs of God are "past finding out," "He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The recessed alcove was raised a little above the ground level, and hence the group in the atrium or court, gathered around the fire, could be distinctly seen and heard by Jesus. Thus the miserable denial of Peter sounded upon the ears of his Master, and although the severest of strains was being brought to bear on His nature, yet Jesus forgot it all, and "turned and looked" down upon his poor denier.

The tumult of feelings that must have overwhelmed Peter, can hardly be imagined. Although Jesus, whom he knew to be God, stood near; although John, his companion, remained at his side, yet in the presence of the rude, illiterate servants, and at the question of the maid who acted as porteress, Peter could forget the past, in the terror of the present. He cursed and swore, denying that he knew his dearest friend; but the coarse patois of Galilee could not be mistaken, and his speech betrayed him as a liar and a traitor.

Some time elapsed between the three denials, perhaps two long and anxious hours; and as Peter saw the clouds gathering around his Lord, the low and earthly dreams which he had had of a seat in the new cabinet that should be ruled by Christ, were vanishing, as light departs before the lowering bank of darkness. These same thoughts, perhaps, had a lodgment in the breast of Judas, who may have hoped for the position of High-Treasurer in the new Kingdom, governed by a Messiah. The humanity crops out continually in the history of

Christ's chosen ones. They even failed to comprehend the idea of the Redeemer, after that He had risen from the dead; for when they went out with Him to Olivet, just before His ascension into Heaven, they asked the question, "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore the Kingdom to Israel?" What a look was that which Jesus cast upon Peter! Full of pity, full of sorrow, full of anguish, full of love. O yes, although the disciple denies his Lord, yet will the Master never forget or disown His disciples.

"It was the thought of that wrong which Peter had been doing to himself, which winged the look, and sent it on its hallowed errand. He felt, as it fell upon him, that it was the look of one, not angrily complaining of injury, not indignantly demanding redress, but only longing for it, that Peter might feel how unkindly, ungratefully, ungenerously, he had acted towards such a Master; of one who wished him, above all things, to

be assured that if he but saw and felt his error, there was readiness and room enough in His heart to receive him back at once and fully into favor, to forgive all, forget all, be all to him He had ever been. Volumes of pity and compassion lay enfolded in that look."-(Hanna). And as the holy glance rested upon Peter, it was too great a sorrow for him to bear; and with a flood of bitter tears he rushed out into the chilling dawn, and sought the nearest spot where he might repent and bewail the rash and wicked act. Oh, why had he neglected his Saviour? Why apostatized? Why denied that loving and spotless Lamb? Why had he been ashamed of one who so ardently loved him? And the remorse that ensued, worked out Peter's salvation, for after the Resurrection, with his thrice-repeated "Lord, I love Thee!" the repenting disciple received the commission and authority of a leader and shepherd, among the flocks of the true Israel.

"Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own its star."

But there stands the patient prisoner in the cold, waiting for the questions which the aged High-Priest will decide to put to Him. Annas was more than seventy years old, but yet an unvenerable, worldly Sadducee; and with the caution of a scoundrel he endeavors to evoke from Jesus some traitorous sentiment. But the appeal to "His mighty works "-the appeal to the common people who had heard His doctrines, these rebukes only heightened the malice and anger of the unjust judge. With an implied reproof, Jesus alludes to the open and brave manner in which He had taught in the Temple; and the sting was at once felt by those who stood by, and who had entered malignantly into the secret and illegal plot. And so an enraged officer started forward with

the words, "Answerest Thou the High-Priest so!" and struck Him across the face. Oh, dreadful blow! may God forgive thee for the initiation of that scene of buffetings and revilings which followed! But Jesus stood unflinchingly. and without a word of expostulation or remonstrance. "Like a lamb dumb before its shearers, so He opened not His mouth." A strange act of violence is this beating upon the face, either with the open palm of the hand, or with a stout thong of leather. It prevails in the East to this day, and is frequently administered as a punishment by a superior to his slave.

Bought with the price of a slave, buffetted as a slave, the Master seems to have ordered all the concomitants of His degradation in harmony and consistency with this "form which He took upon Him," becoming a servant for our sakes, that He might exalt us to be the children of God.

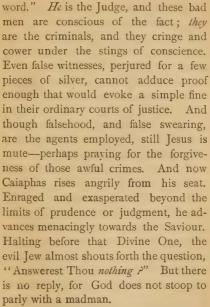
The crowing of the cock announced the guilt of Peter, and ushered in the gray morning; and now Jesus is led across the open court to the apartments of Caiaphas, who occupied a section of the palace. He, too, was High-Priest, or rather, he was the deputy or assistant of old Annas his father-in-law. Toseph Caiaphas had also been appointed to this position by a Roman governor, hence he held the office as a political favorite. Virtually there were two High-Priests, since every one recognized the authority of both these men. And one may have exercised the sacerdotal office, while the other sat as President of the Sanhedrin. In the latter capacity, on this occasion, Caiaphas figures with an unenviable conspicuousness. He was a wily Sadducee like his father; equally as bad, though by no means so shrewd and able. was an arrogant, conceited man, puffed up by the authority he had secured, and ruling to the extent of his limit. There

he sat in his chair, surrounded by at least twenty-three of the Priests who hated Jesus. Their meeting was unlawful, according to their own statute, which demanded that "all trials for capital offences must take place after the day is come." Of the seventy members composing the Sanhedrin, there must be twenty-three present, to compose a quorum for judicial transactions; and undoubtedly those who now sat frowning upon the innocent Christ, were His most violent enemies.

They were convened in one of the spacious halls or saloons of the palace, which was lighted with costly lamps, whose perfumed oil, as it burned, filled the place with fragrance. Reclining on luxurious Persian divans, their servants standing near, these surfeited sinners began the trial of their Saviour. One by one the soldiers bring in witnesses, who give their testimony; but how vain. The words they utter only approve His singu-

lar innocence. The Sanhedrin must find some true bill of accusation against their prisoner or their plot will fail, and, perchance, they themselves be indicted before the enraged populace, who are now peacefully sleeping in the great city. "But a more fruitless undertaking was perhaps never attempted. They long to meet in the garden of His life with a single poisonous plant, from which they may weave for Him a fatal wreath. They find, indeed, an abundance of flowers for a crown of honor, but not the vestige of a weed." How desperate was their position. Never should He leave them uncondemned. Murder must be their crime, at all hazards. If He go forth, it must be to the death.

How silently, how nobly, how beautifully Jesus bears the insulting remarks, the mocking testimony, and the cowardly insults of His accusers and judges. In vain are the successive questions put to Him, but "He answers them never a



And how strange the sequel! Standing there with eyes glaring, with upraised, clenched fist, Caiaphas adjures the



Master, by the Living God, to tell him if "He be the Christ, the Son of God."

Most remarkable interrogation, and from such a source! What! that lowly, humble, weary prisoner, whose locks are wet with the night damps, whose face is marred with the tears, whose mouth is bleeding with the bruise from the hand of the soldier-whose hands are tied with a leathern cord behind the back 'Is He the Son of God?' It must have been a fascination, a spell that originated that question-and Caiphas hesitates, and slowly draws back, while Jesus Christ, the Saviour, raises His glorious face towards Heaven, and says, "I AM-and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of Heaven." Oh that dying confession-that dying proclamation! It announced the salvation of all who should believe in Him-it pronounced the condemnation of that malicious company. Then the High-Priest

rent his robe and cast it aside in tragic haste; and crying Blasphemy! he turned to his willing companions, who in the assent condemned Jesus to death; and thus the assembly broke up in confusion and amid excitement, while Jesus is led forth into the open court, surrounded by the base soldiers and servants. Incited by their masters, they now have more than free license to abuse their helpless prisoner. They strike Him with their sandals—they spit directly in His blessed face—one of the vilest mockeries that can be suggested. Then one of the number ties a blindfold over His eyes, and with devilish merriment they circle around the Redeemer, striking Him, and beating Him, all the while crying "Tell who it was that struck Thee?"

After this, having placed a chain upon the wrists of the Saviour, the soldiers lead Him over the bridge and down into the lower city. Arrived at the Castle of Antonia, they wait for the appearance of Pontius Pilate, who was probably just arisen from his couch.

While this little company are standing in the court of the great castle, let us ascertain what have been the movements of Caiaphas and his friends. Immediately after the violent adjournment they went over to their accustomed hall, Gazzith, and with augmented numbers, they hastily ratify the verdict of Caiaphas. This was a formality which they must observe, if their plan of destruction receive a hearing from Pilate the Roman. Their power was prescribed within certain limits, beyond which they 'dare not pass; and no final sentence could be secured without the seal and assent of the foreign representatives who were the actual governors of Palestine.

But just as their deliberations end, behold, Judas appears in their midst. Haggard, and the very picture of wretchedness, the miserable creature confronts those whom he has assisted in the diabolical work. He cries out, "I have betrayed the innocent: take back your silver. I repent and bewail my sin!" But they sneeringly reply, "What is that to us—see thou to that."

Casting down the thirty pieces, which ring upon the marble floor, Judas rushes forth in the agony of his remorse, and seeking a lonely spot, where a tree hung out over the rocky gorge, he fastens a thong to one of the branches, and then to his neck, and makes the suicidal leap. But the weight of his body breaks the leather, and he falls upon the rocks, a shapeless, mangled mass, while his blackened soul goes down into that abysmal place prepared for him, "the son of perdition," among the spirits of those who suffer for their atrocities and their wickednesses. Traditions have differed as to the exact manner of the death of Judas, and among them is one which was held by the primitive Christians, that falling in the valley, his body swelled to an enormous size, with a frightful attack of elephantiasis; and a heavy wagon then passed over him, crushing out the diseased life.

The Sanhedrin would not hesitate to destroy the Lord of life, but they scrupled to use the silver which they gathered from the stone floor of their council hall, and therefore they bought with it a section of the valley of Hinnom, where Judas destroyed himself, to be set apart as a burying-place for strangers. The soil of this place is calcareous, and will soon destroy the bodies of men or beasts buried therein. It was used for pottery, and a small furnace is said to have been placed there, for baking the plates and bottles, made by the skilled workmen. From the fact that this potter's field was thus originally set apart for a public burying-place of the pauper and homeless, has grown our modern denomination of those localities set aside by cities

for their common fields for the dead. And out of that same Aceldema, the pious Crusaders dug the chalky earth which they reverently took across the seas, and placed in the Campo Santos at Pisa and Rome.

Having now adjourned, the Sanhedrin speedily join their companions, whom we left with Jesus in the court of the Castle. They would not pollute themselves by entering within, and so an officer doubtless notified Pilate, and he, out of deference to their silly customs, came forth to ask them concerning the cause of their excitement.

Pontius Pilate was the sixth Roman governor of Judea. His appointment was from Tiberius Cæsar, and his duties were of an arbitrary character. Besides attention to the collecting of revenues, he had the power of life and death, and could exercise it as though he were sole ruler. In fact, he acted for the Emperor, and was his proxy. His administration

was cruel, as on several occasions he had put the Jews to death without any compunctions of conscience. It is rather singular that he should have been so much inclined to favor the cause of Christ: and it is also a notable fact, that whenever the Jews questioned the Master, He answered nothing; but the interrogations of Pilate, the heathen, were in the main very frankly responded to. After the crucifixion. Pilate made a documentary report of the affair to Cæsar. He was a worldly-minded Roman, rich, and corrupted by the badness of that age. Yet he was not devoid of generosity and a sense of justice; and certainly showed a kindness and leniency towards our Saviour which ought never to be forgotten. We mention his name in the Creed not as a stigma because of his sin in crucifying our Lord, but simply to fix the historic date of that event.

The residence of Pilate was called the Prætorium; and in fact wherever the gov-

ernor had his home the same name would be applied. He was a Procurator in the strict sense of the term, and fulfilled the duties of the position. When therefore he demanded an explanation of the accusation against Jesus, the Sanhedrin were quite astonished and a little disconcerted. But clamoring for the issue of a sentence of death, Pilate brought Jesus within, and placed Him before the seat of judgment. Here he questioned Him, and Jesus answered with meekness and gentle firmness.

At this juncture, a noble Roman lady appears. She is the wife of Pilate—and she pleads with her husband for the life of Christ. She says that her dreams have been about that holy sufferer; and she asks that He be at once released. Moved by her entreaties, the Governor again steps out before the priests, and tells them that he cannot find "a cause for death." And again their angry cries of "Away with Him"—"Crucify Him"

—or, "Thou art not Cæsar's friend,"—caused the weak pagan to return to the hall where Jesus stood among the soldiers. Remembering that Jesus was from Galilee, an idea that relieved Pilate was at once put into practice, and the prisoner was led off between the soldiers to Herod Antipas, the younger, who was tetrarch, or governing prince of Galilee.

The band of Jews accompanied Him unto the great palace in the upper city, and the King gave them audience. But here again Jesus remained as silent as the marble columns that held the royal roof. The Sanhedrin poured forth their accusations, and the King demanded answers from the prisoner, but in vain; and so, scorning Him, Herod gave the unresisting Saviour to a band of Gaulish and Thracian barbarian soldiers, who, with rudeness, dressed Him in a coarse robe, and they, with their ruler and the priests, "set Him at nought."

Herod was one of the most despicable

men in that miserable age. He had murdered his own friends and relations. and also the friend and forerunner of Jesus, John the Baptist. He was a low and vile sensualist, and it is indeed no matter of wonder that Jesus held His peace before that wretch, so impure and wicked. Back again to Pilate the excited throng hurry their victim, and report their results. And now the servants bring forth a golden chair, upon a square tessellated marble pavement. This is called Gabbatha-and the chair is the Bema, or throne. When silence was secured, Pilate, in a stern and formal manner, informed the priests and people that he could find nothing seditious or rebellious in Jesus, and therefore he felt constrained "to release Him and let Him go." He also suggested the exchanging of Jesus for Barabbas, who had been a rebel, and had committed murder in the last insurrection. Perhaps he was brought forth and

placed by the side of Jesus-the hardened robber, and the sinless Saviour. But the more Pilate argued, the more exasperated were the multitude; and screaming with rage, they demanded that the one should be released, and the other crucified. At last Pilate yields, but it is with reluctance; and as though pushed on to this condemnation, he washes his hands free of the offence, saying, "I am guiltless of the blood of this just person." Then those wretched Jews called down upon themselves and upon their generations yet unborn the most horrible of curses: "His blood be on us and on our children."

With this view of the case let us ever use the Good Friday prayer which the Church has so graciously given to her children. Let us pray for the Jews of to-day, who are and who have been suffering for the evil deeds of their ancestors. Let us pray for them, since Christ is their Saviour as well as ours—

that the illumination of the Holy Ghost may shine through their hearts and natures—and in that streaming glory, may they be brought to a saving knowledge of their Lord.

Handing the peaceful Saviour over to the soldiers, who were the very scum of the lowest plane of society, He is led into their barrack hall and scourged. We of this day can hardly appreciate the severity of that torture. Even the Russian gnout is light, as compared with the ancient Roman infliction. The scourge was made of leathern thongs, on which were tied bits of ragged bone, or sharp lumps of iron. Prisoners often died under its awful lash, and few survived the ordeal without being maimed or disfigured for life. The garments were then stripped from that blessed form, and Iesus was tied to a stone pillar, while the heavy blows were given by the barbaric and inhuman soldiers. Oh, how the Saviour suffered for us miserable sinners! See Him standing there, as the frightful gashes are cut into His white flesh—"The ploughers ploughed along my back." The blood streamed forth, and fainting beneath the agony and the pain, the flagellation ceases. Upon that suffering body is thrown a soldier's purple cloak, buckled with a silver Roman eagle at the left shoulder; and around the pale and throbbing temples and brow is pressed a crown of thorns and leaves. The sharp needles break the thin, pure skin, and great drops of blood enwrap the cruel points and fall upon the ashen face:

"O sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorns;
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviied and put to scorn.
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze."

As to the plant which furnished this cruel crown, there are many conjectures.

It probably grew around Jerusalem—and was doubtless the Arabian Nabk. "It was very suitable for this purpose, as it has many sharp thorns, which inflict painful wounds; and its flexible, pliant, and round branches might easily be plaited in the form of a crown."

In those trembling hands is placed a reed, and the rabble pass before the tottering "Man of Sorrows," mocking Him who called Himself a King. They again spit in that holy face; they add to this their injurious buffeting; they may have kicked Him, as He stood before them, a broken, dying prisoner. They led Him out of the castle when their malicious sport was over, and as Jesus, thus mutilated, scarred, and bleeding, appeared, Pilate rose from his throne, and pointing to that holy Lamb, cried out to the rabble, "Behold the Man." Then arose the final cry of blood, from the multitude. "Crucify Him!" and Pilate, discouraged and vexed, responded.

"Let Him be crucified;" and turning away, left his Saviour to the mercy of His enemies.

It was now eight o'clock in the morning. Stripping off the purple cloak, soaked with blood, His own robes are placed upon Him, and the cross is brought forward. Two brigands of the lowest order are at the same time led forth to death, that the severe penalty might impress all who should see the execution. Crucifixion was a very common mode of punishment among the Romans, and it did not take many minutes for the necessary preparations. One ruler crucified 800 Jews-another 2000, and the Emperor Hadrian 500, in a day. The victim was always forced to carry his own cross, as another mark of degradation. This cross, which Jesus bore, and which was so soon to bear Him upon its outstretched arms, was the simplest form of two pieces of rough wood. One tradition tells us that it was made from the

aspen tree, whose leaves have ever shivered since that day. Another writer tells us that the foot of the cross was cedar, the central projection which held the body was of cypress, the arms were of palm-wood—while the small wooden title piece was of olive. But it was made of the commonest, strongest and cheapest material; and these conjectures are simply idle fancies.

The mournful procession now starts along the sacred way leading from the Castle down to a side gate of the city, and outside the walls to the common spot used for executions. The three condemned ones carry their heavy loads with no little difficulty. It is not so severe for the two strong Bedouins, who have had no previous suffering; but Jesus, whose emaciated body is bruised and broken by the fasting and the scourging, cannot endure the weight, and He sinks down on the hard pavement, while the remorseless cross presses heavily on His

bended, prostrate form. They were now just by the gate, and there comes in from the country a swarthy peasant, named Simon, the father of Alexander and Rufus, who were doubtless disciples of the Lord; Him the Roman soldiers compel to bear the Saviour's cross. This Simon was an African and a Jew. He had probably just come to Jerusalem from his native land, for the great Feast; and although his imposed task may have been irksome, yet what a blessing it must have eventually brought, if he became converted to a knowledge of the claims of the suffering Redeemer.

Passing down into the valley, the whole crowd of people rush eagerly to yonder rocky knoll, as it rises there in the morning sun. Its rounded surface, smooth and regular, looks like an immense yellow skull; and it is called Golgotha, because of this striking resemblance. It is a well-known place—a hideous spot—for here many a poor wretch has breathed



his last in the agonies of crucifixion. There are several holes cut or dug down into the soft rock, for holding the upright crosses. Here Adam was said to have been buried, and from his skull the place derived its ghastly name. When Christ was crucified some drops of His precious blood fell on the skull, and Adam was raised to life. For this reason the skull is often introduced into pictures of the crucifixion.

Golgotha could be seen from the city, although it was not a hill or mount, simply a low rock; and as it was near one of the country roads, the travellers passing to and fro might watch the execution. When the place was reached, the cross was laid upon the ground. Jesus was entirely stripped of His robes, and laid out upon its form. Through His dear hands were driven iron nails, which tore and lacerated them frightfully; The feet were then drawn down and crossed one upon the other, and a spike

was driven through into the wood. Oh, how that blessed Body was wounded for our sakes—how freely the blood flowed out from those mangled hands and feet; how awful the mortal agony of the Saviour of mankind! Stepping readily to their task, the strong servants lifted up the cross, and with its foot placed by the cavity, it falls with a jar into its upright position. Of course the delicate hands could not hold the heavy body, and so a projecting horizontal piece, or seat, was attached to the centre of the cross, upon which the victim was seated.

The two malefactors were then crucified, on either side of Jesus, His cross being in the midst.

It was while these cruel preparations were going on, that He said in love, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Was ever such affection known to the world? Was ever love like this? Was ever such a prayer put up to God? Let angels



answer, and let mortals weep. "A death by crucifixion seems to include all that pain and death can have of the horrible and ghastly; dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long continuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds. unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins, and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds, inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries, especially of the head and stomach, became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst."-Farrar.

It is now nine o'clock, the hour of the morning sacrifice, and the Lamb of God is impaled upon the dreadful tree. After the cross had been elevated, the Sanhedrin ascertained with mortification that Pilate had caused the title, "This is Jesus, King of the Jesus," to be placed over His head, in three languages, so that every person present, or passing by, could read. They went therefore to the governor, and begged him to change the sentence, but he haughtily repulsed them.

Around the cross, and at a little distance from its foot, stood a quarternion of Roman soldiers, with their Centurion. These five heathen were acting as guards, lest some of the friends of the prisoners come to take down the three who were crucified. Their perquisites were the clothes of the criminals; and so they immediately began to cast dice, to see who should have the robes and coats. Then they sat down and watched, while the time was occupied with eating, drinking, and gambling. Perhaps the mass of the people had returned to the city; but many drew near, and mocked the silent Christ. Even the aged

scribes, and the Chief-Priests and elders, vented their malicious revenge, by reviling the poor sufferer. The soldiers. too, incited by the Priests and rabble, "pledged in mock hilarity the dying Man cruelly holding up towards His burning lips their cups of wine, and echoing the Jewish taunts against the weakness of the King, whose throne was a cross, whose crown was thorns," And even the two thieves who hung by His side, "cast the same in His teeth." "So all the voices about Him rang with blasphemy and spite; and in that long, slow agony, His dying ear caught no accent of gratitude, of pity, or of love. Baseness, falsehood, savagery, stupidirysuch were the characteristics of the world which thrust itself into hideous prominence before the Saviour's last consciousness-such the muddy and miserable stream that rolled under the cross before His dying eyes."

But hearken to that robber, whose

name was Dysmas. He is said to have saved the life of the Virgin and her child, during their flight to Egypt. He had heard Christ preach, and had seen some of His miracles, and now He is won over to Him by the serenity and unreproachfulness of His dving. His word is at once an act of faith, with no tinge of doubtfulness to discolor its simplicity and honesty; for he says, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And immediately those holy lips are unsealed, while a blessed promise of hope is vouchsafed: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

It was now high noon, but the sun had hidden his face in sorrow; the black clouds hung low over the city, and an ominous silence fell like a pall. The hearts of the evil priests began to tremble, and forebodings of "that great and terrible day" which Jesus had prophetically

announced, filled them with a guilty dread.

By the cross stood Mary the Virgin, and Jesus recognizes His mother, although the death dimness is coming over those beautiful eyes. Near her is St. John, and the holy women whose names we know. The Master did not in that final agony forget the pure woman whom He so ardently loved, and so His dying request was that she should share the home of the blessed disciple.

The Saviour had refused the potation of vinegar, wine, gall, and myrrh, which had been offered at the time the cross was raised to its place, because He was willing to suffer the full measure of pain required. The noble ladies of Jerusalem gave money every year to furnish this stupefying drink to the condemned. It deadened their pain and was often a grateful draught. But now, when the Redeemer uttered that awful and mysterious cry, "Eli! Eli! lama sabacthani?"

which means, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" His lonely sufferings were intensifying, and the sins of the whole world were crowding Him down into the deepest woe. waters were well nigh gone over His soul." He was confronting the cost of redemption, and that Infinite Love was being strained to its utmost tension. At last He cried, "I thirst." Now a ready and anxious friend reaches up to those parched lips the sponge which had served as a cork for the large earthen vessel containing drink for the soldiers. It was soaked with the sour wine, refreshing, and stimulating, and it was not refused by Tesus.

And then came death, welcomed by the Lord; for after murmuring the words "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," the Saviour cried out with a loud wail, "It is finished!" and the precious head drooped upon the breast, and the life went out into the expectant Paradise. "Finished was His holy life; with His life His struggle, with His struggle, With His work the redemption, with the redemption the foundation of the new world."

And lo, a mighty earthquake shook old Jerusalem to its very foundation—the thunders of God's anger reverberated through the porches of the Temple, the lightnings flashed in the blackened sky. Pilate started from his couch, Herod trembled in his palace, the guilty Priests cowered in the corridors, and the people hid themselves. The great heavy broidered curtain that hung in the Tabernacle, dividing the holy place, was rent in two pieces, and a vast beam over the Temple lintel was shattered.

Down in the valley of Jehoshaphat the silent tombs were opened, and forth into the garish light of day trooped the ghostly sleepers. The holy mourners by the cross lifted their streaming eyes to Heaven, the cowardly soldiers slunk away, while



the Roman centurion fell upon his knees, and said, with honest conviction, "Truly, this was the Son of God."

What was the physical cause of Christ's death? This is a most interesting question, and much valuable knowledge has been given to its elucidation. Jesus did not die from exhaustion, nor from the pains of crucifixion. The two thieves lived some time; and criminals have suffered for nearly a week on the cross before death relieved them. Jesus Christ died of a broken heart! and how intense does this idea render the passion! Our sins broke His heart, our vileness and badness, our cumulated wickednesses killed the Lord of Life and glory. Oh, let us think on these things, and perchance there may come a deeper glow to our love for Him who freely gave Himself to be our ransom, and who thus suffered on the cruel tree.

"It is now some years since a devout and scholarly physician, Dr. Stroud, as



the result, he tells us, of a quarter of a century's reading and reflection, ventured to suggest, that the immediate physical cause of the death of Christ was the rupture of His heart, induced by the inner agony of His spirit. That strong emotion may of itself prostrate the body in death, is a familiar fact, in the history of the passions. Joy, or grief, or anger, suddenly or intensely excited, have been often known to produce this effect. If this be so, why may it not have been realized in the case of the Redeemer? If common earthly sorrow, has broken other human hearts, why may not that sorrow, deep beyond all other sorrow, have broken His?"—Hanna.

About an hour after the Saviour's death, one of the soldiers, in order to assure himself of the actual death of the victim, thrust his broad spear head into the side of Jesus, and piercing the heart, "forthwith there flowed out water and blood;" and this was so noticeable a

fact, and the water was so readily distinguished from the blood, that St. John makes particular mention of the occurrence as he saw it. Apply this to the question we have asked. "When the human blood escapes from the bloodvessels, whether that escape takes place within the body or without, it coagulates within a short time, its watery part separating slowly from its thicker substance. When rupture of the heart takes place, and the blood which that organ contains passes into the pericardium (the shut sack or bag, by which the heart is surrounded and enclosed) it erelong undergoes this change; and as the capsule into which it flows is large enough to contain many ounces' weight of liquid, if, when it is full, the heart be pierced, the contents escaping exhibit such a stream of mingled blood and water as the eye of St. John noticed as he gazed upon the cross. This is what the anatomist has actually witnessed; numerous

instances existing in which the quality and quantity of the blood escaping from a ruptured heart have been carefully noted and recorded."—Hanna,

These scientific facts are thus carefully presented from one of the ablest works on the subject, because they are of wonderful interest, and may serve to heighten the inspiration of the believer, and to deepen his adoring affection for the Crucified One. And when the day closed—that awful day—the great sacrifice—the world's Paschal Lamb lay slain upon the altar cross, for the eternal remission of sins.

<sup>&</sup>quot;By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries, By Thy perfect sacrifice; Jesu, look with pitying eye, Hear, O hear Thy servants, cry."

# Faster Fven-- Haturday.

### A DAY OF REST.

### VII.

"Resting from His work to-day, In the tomb the Saviour lay; Still He slept—from head to feet Shrouded in the winding-sheet; Lying in the rock alone, Hidden by the sealed stone."

EATH brings sadness always, but to the Christian there is ever a sense of joy that the loved one has passed out of this world of pain and sin, of weakness and frailty, into the Paradise of rest and purity, of strength and perfection.

The sorrow of death is found mainly in the parting—in the tearing of the heart-

strings-in the loss of the present. But the beauty of death is its hope of life, and the certainty of that place and condition of tranquillity and peace, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The disciples and the Virgin did not have the hope which we possess. They saw only the grief. They believed in a future state, but their eyes were not Christian. They were Jews, and could not reach beyond the shadowy line which separated them from those they loved. We, however, look from a different standpoint; and we see in the death of our Saviour a blessed consummation for the world; we find the grave bereft of its horrors-

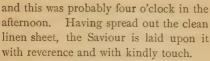
"Since Jesus hath lain there We dread not its gloom!"

And we place our loved ones underneath the green grass of the valley, in the comfortable assurance of a very certain expectation.

Jesus died on the cross at three o'clock

of Friday. The malefactors were killed by the breaking of their legs, and by being heavily struck with a club just beneath the armpits. The great Feast was at hand, and it would be a desecrating sight, should the three bodies hang on the crosses over the Sabbath, in full view of the city. There were two members, and possibly more, of the Sanhedrin who had nothing whatever to do with the death of Jesus. When summoned, they did not obey, and therefore were innocent of the great offence. They were disciples of the Master, and loved Him very dearly, though their service and devotion, for prudent reasons, had been kept secret from their colleagues. These two were Joseph of Armathea, and Nicodemus. Joseph was a rich man, a counsellor, and "an Israelite in whom was no guile." He was a native of old Ramah, where the prophet Samuel was born. reason of his wealth and wisdom, he occupied an influential position in Jerusalem, and the piety and devotion of his religious disposition, made him a ready recipient of the truths which the Messiah taught. Like Lazarus, he gave to Jesus a welcome both to his heart and home; and now at His death, he gladly performs the last sad offices for his Divine friend. A tradition tells us that the apostle St. Philip, sent Joseph afterwards into Great Britain; and there with his disciples he founded the first Christian oratory, at Glastonbury. While still another beautiful legend places the holy grail, or chalice which our Lord used at the Last Supper, in the keeping of this honorable and saintly Jew. Nicodemus was a Pharisee; he too was blessed with a great fortune, and was learned in the Law. Timid by nature, he came to Jesus on one occasion, but under the cover- of night, to ask concerning the new birth by water and the Still he was anxious to Holy Ghost. know the truth, and sought every means of satisfying his thirst. He believed Jesus to be a Prophet, and afterwards loved him as an avowed disciple. He was baptized after the Resurrection, and became a brave preacher of righteousness. For this he was expelled from the Sanhedrin, and was persecuted by his countrymen. Taking refuge in the house of Gamaliel, his cousin, he remained there till his death, when he was buried near the body of St. Stephen the martyf. His family became wretchedly poor in this world's goods, but were rich in the blessing of the love of Christ.

As the afternoon of Friday drew to a close, Joseph went boldly to Pilate, who knew him well, and craved the body of Jesus. His wish was at once gratified, and the good man hastens back to the cross. Here Nicodemus meets him, with a great package of embalming spice, and they, with St. John, gently lift the body of Jesus from the cross. Life had been extinct about an hour,



That wonderful picture by Paul De-la-Roche, passes before the mind. The Marys near the cross with clasped hands, St. John the Beloved, bending over the sacred Head, and holding it lovingly, Joseph the compassionate Jew, stooping to enwrap the bruised body, while Nicodemus kneels at the feet of his Master. And how wonderfully has the artist delineated the lifeless form! The face of the dead Christ is beyond description—the matted locks, just brushed by the hand of the Virgin from that marble brow, the dark shadows under the closed and sunken eyes, indicating so much of previous sorrow and grief and pain. The emaciated form, the riven side, the pierced hands and feet-these are marvellously expressed. Such works of devotional and religious art do much to imprint

the story of the crucified One upon the mind of the Christian; and while refining the taste, they purify and elevate the spiritual nature.

The Jews usually buried their criminals ignominiously, and with indecent haste. Any hole was good enough for their polluted bodies, and they thrust them down in the desecrated valley. But when a special request was made, they allowed the family of the dead to take the body and dispose of it as they pleased. So now, Jesus is cared for by the wealthy Pharisees, and by their voluntary act of love, the Scripture is fulfilled, which said, "He shall make His grave with the rich."

The holy women now scatter the myrrh and aloes (which were pulverized) over the linen cloth, to be a preservative against speedy decomposition. The bruises and wounds offered opportunity for immediate decay, and hence this kindly precaution. The spicery was

costly, and only used among the wealthier classes. Enshrouded in the fair cloth, the holy form is carefully raised by the three friends, "One thing alone is wanting, that the manner of the Jews in burying may be observed—a bier to lay the body on, to bear it to the sepulchre. There has been no time to get one, or it is felt that the distance is so short that it is not needed. That body has, however, the best bier of allthe hands of true affection—to lift it up and carry it across to the new tomb which awaits to receive it. The feet let us assign to Joseph, the body to Nicodemus, and that regal Head with those closed eyes, over which the shadows of the Resurrection are already flitting, let us lay it on the breast of the beloved disciple."

Near to Golgotha was a little garden of trees; a choice spot, which Joseph of Arimathea had purchased and beautified. Thither they carried the body of Jesus. In the far corner of the cool and shady

grove appears a white rock tomb, prepared with skill, and ornamented with funereal symbols, cut in the face of the stone.

This was to be his own resting-place, right under the walls of the city he loved. Here his family were to be brought, and already he had learned to love this beautiful burying-ground. As yet, no one had been placed in the clean new sepulchre; it was to be hallowed by the presence of the body of Jesus. Most appropriate was this entombment. The Master had, in life, loved the retirement and solitude of just such a spot. He ever sought the retreats which cool orchards and gardens afforded, because in their silence He could draw nearer to His Father. And now, in death, the sainted form is borne to the place He Himself would have chosen. Other thoughts are rising in the mind. "Christ changes the valley of the shadow of death into a garden. His human body was laid in a natural garden, His human



soul was in a spiritual garden, and by His death and burial, He has prepared a garden for the souls and bodies of all who depart hence in the Lord; and He will make them to be like the dew of herbs (Isa. xxvi. 19), and to rise up and blossom in a glorious spring-time; He provides Paradise, or a garden, for the departed soul (Luke xxiii. 43), and He makes the grave itself to be a garden of Paradise, from which, at the great Day, the bodies of the faithful which have been sown in hope, will rise in vernal beauty, and be united forever in unfading glory to their souls."—Wordsworth.

This sepulchre, in which the body of the Lord was placed, probably had a square stone entrance or door. It might have been entered by a single step, and then the floor was horizontal and smooth. Perchance the rock was part of the side hill, and over the tomb the olive trees and vines may have grown and enwreathed their leaves and branches.

### EASTER EVEN—SATURDAY.

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Reverently and gently they laid their precious burden down upon the cold slab at the end of the tomb; and then the napkin was bound across the white forehead, the limbs were composed, and the holy dead was left in the silence and darkness. The mourning women stood without, under the trees watching and The burial had been so waiting. hasty that they determined to come on the first day of the week with more spice and myrrh, to complete the imperfect embalming. And turning away, after the great slab had been rolled into its casement, the little company of sorrowful friends sought the city, for the evening was drawing on apace, and the air was chilly and cold.

The Sabbath was spent in loneliness and weeping. Mary, the blessed, "would not be comforted," although St. John was tender and compassionate. The "sword had pierced through her soul," and the Mother of our Lord was

cast down with unapproachable woe. Towards the afternoon a few of the Priests. remembering the statement of Jesus, that on the third day He would rise from the grave, went to Pilate and asked for a guard, who should watch the tomb. lest some of the disciples come in the night and steal the body, thus giving a semblance of probability to the prophecy. With an impatient order, the governor gave the desired permission, and a few soldiers were sent to the sepulchre. Upon soft wax or moist clay, and a piece of inserted ribbon, they made an impression of the imperial seal across the very crevice of the stone door. If the stone were removed the wax must break. Then they lingered near, during the long hours of the night, sleeping at times, or talking with themselves about the wonderful things that had happened the day before.

A word regarding the Jewish mode of burial will not be out of place. They never burned their dead, as did the heathen nations around. Even Tacitus mentions this fact in his history. Cremation is a pagan custom, and is practised only among those who have no veneration for that "Temple of the Holy Ghost," made in the likeness of God.

Even in Patriarchal times, the one locality which made a roving family permanent would be their sepulchre. Interment in the earth was only practised when a sepulchre could not be secured; generally a cave was selected, and after thorough cleansing, its portal would be decorated with pillars, and a stone fitted for a door. Kings and Prophets were buried within the city limits, but far below the ordinary surface of the streets, and in elaborately constructed tombs, similar to the catacombs of Paris and Rome. It was an indignity to disturb the dead, and they reposed in peace. Outside of Jerusalem, as we have already noted, the valley was lined with many tombs, and in several of the private gardens were sepulchres for the dead. The description of such a burying-place, according to the Rabbins, was after this manner: "A cavern about ten feet square is selected, from three sides of which are recessed longitudinally several vaults, each large enough for a corpse. On the fourth side, the cavern is approached through a small open covered court, or portico, of a size to receive the bier and bearers."

In such a tomb as this, doubtless, lived the demoniac of the Gospel. And often there might be found long tiers of these sepulchres, one on top of the other, where a cavernous hillside offered itself conveniently. The bodies of the dead were wrapped in linen cloths, well smeared with spices, while the head was bound in a white napkin. Rarely were coffins used, but the body was placed in its proper niche, exposed to the air and the climate. The sarcophagi which we find are principally

Egyptian or Assyrian. From these ancient customs we have derived our ideas of sepulture. The mausoleums, and tombs, and vaults of the modern cemetery, are not unlike the old Jewish burying-places. We have, with nearer approach to the laws of nature, consigned our dead to the bosom of the kindly earth, for out of it man came, and to it he must inevitably return.

The burial of Jesus gave to the Christian Church an impulse in this direction which ought to be remembered. The grave has lost its original terror and harshness, for Jesus has conquered its master and keeper, and we are enabled to inscribe over the gates of the acre set aside for God's saints, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Easter Even brings with it these thoughts, which are inseparable from its commemoration. We think of the death unto sin, of the baptismal waters which

entomb the old Adam, and then we emerge into the sweet light and joy of a resurrection unto righteous living, a new birth unto Christ the Victor. In the Christian Church, holy Baptism has always been administered on this sadly beautiful 'day of rest,' and it is indeed (following the idea of the appointed collect) a most appropriate time for entering into the new covenant of hope and salvation through the Redeemer. As an infant is baptized amid tears and sorrow, over the open coffin of a sleeping mother, so with even greater beauty of appropriateness ought the little ones of Christ to be brought nearer unto Him, even engrafted into Him, on this day, when He lay so peacefully in the tomb of the garden.

In the early Church this day was kept as a dawn to Easter. In the time of Constantine, the whole city was filled with flaming torches, and lofty pillars of wax were set up in the squares and at the corners, to make the night outshine the day. This was a forerunner, so to speak, of the rising of that great "Sun of Righteousness," so soon to come, "with healing on His wings," at the Easter morning. This, too, is the closing of our Lent and of our Holy Week. The Via Sacra is traversed, and we stand at the sun-rising with the Marys near the sepulchre. This is a quiet and most suitable day for reviewing the past season; and the questions we ask should be our blessings, though their answers bring us pain and remorse.

If we have kept near to the side of Christ, then we are indeed to be thankful; if we have deviated from the sacred way, the past should be our monitor for the future.

And so, too, we may think of the spirits that are asleep in Jesus, to-day. This is a second "All Saints," for we may spend a while in close communion with those we have "loved and lost." By considering their "good examples," we

may, with the grace sufficient, rise to our Easter feast with alacrity, determining to "follow them, even as they followed Christ." For we only reach joy after a striving of sorrow—we attain to the crown, after carrying patiently the cross—and though the Angel of death cut away from around our path all the blossoms of affection we have sown and nurtured, yet in the great spring-tide of Eternal perfection, we shall wreathe these tear-bedewed flowers into an immortal circlet.

## Kasten.

#### A DAY OF VICTORY.

### VIII.

"Now let the Heavens be joyful! Let earth her song begin! Let the round world keep triumph, And all that is therein: Invisible and visible Their notes let all things blend, For Christ the Lord hath risen,— Our joy that hath no end."

"Tis the day of Resurrection. Let us rejoice in the festival, and embrace one another. Call we brethren even those who hate us. Forgive we all offences on this resurrection day, and thus exclaim we Christ is risen from the dead, by death having trampled on death, and given life to those who were in their graves."—Greek Service.

HILE the Roman soldiers stand near the sepulchre in the gray dawn, their eyes heavy with the useless

and uninteresting watching, they are startled by a strange, unnatural noiseperhaps like the rustling of many wingsand in an instant, with a supernatural light, which they cannot bear to look upon, they are cast insensible to the ground. Thus may we imagine the scene, and yet 'tis but a fancy. No mortal saw the Lord arise. The Angel of the Resurrection; and perhaps the whole Hierarchy of Heaven, whose chants had sounded over the hills at Bethlehemthese pure, ministering spirits may have hovered near, when Jesus Christ burst the gates of Death, leading it captive, while He came forth with that glorious and glorified Body which one day we may look upon. The seal of the sepulchre was left unbroken: the great stone door had not been moved from its jointings. The soldiers woke as from a swoon, but the Lord was "risen indeed."

The sun had not emerged from beyond the hill—indeed it was quite dark, when



the holy women came out from the city, or perhaps from Bethany, with the precious spices they had so lovingly prepared. When they drew near, they saw the soldiers, and they wondered if they would roll away the stone from the tomb. But their questionings were answered in an unexpected manner-for suddenly the ground quaked and shook beneath their feet; and lo, a great pure Angel of God, "whose countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow," stood between them and the tomb. The Romans fell again to the ground. They too saw the divine visitor, and they feared and became as dead men.

The frightened women knew not what to do; but the angel said, as he seized the great tablet and moved it from its place, "Be not afraid—ye seek Jesus, but He is not here, He is risen. Come and see the place where the Lord lay."

And when they had peered in, they saw nothing but the empty tomb, and the linen



grave-clothes and the napkin folded by themselves. Their hearts were full of strange misgivings, full of joys, of hopes, and fears; and at the bidding of the messenger of Heaven, they ran with eager feet to notify the disciples. But ere they reached the gate of the garden, Jesus Himself stood before them. But He was changed. No longer the humble peasant of Galilee; no longer the bruised and broken prisoner; no longer the weary. painful, sorrowful man; but grand, majestic, glowing with the beauty of the Resurrection-the God of Heaven confronted the devoted women. And He said. "All hail!"

What was their reply? They feared with holy trembling; they knew the whole truth now which they had previously only suspected, and Mary, with her friends, fell down and seized those holy feet, and worshipped Him whom angels adore.

Then He spake to them once more,

and gave them directions which they were to transmit to the disciples; and when He had finished, He departed out of their sight. The Roman guard had by this time fled to the city, and there they narrated to the eager crowd, and to the alarmed Priests, the wondrous things that had occurred at the sepulchre. The unscrupulous Sanhedrists took them aside in a few moments, and said, as they placed a bribe of gold in their hands, "Report around that His disciples came by night and stole His body while you slept." "And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him to be lenient with you, and so secure you against trouble." So they took the money, and did as they were taught; "and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."-St. Matt. xxviii. 13-15.

Enough then for the fact and story of the Resurrection. We know its details full well. How that Peter and John came to the sepulchre, and entered its cold chamber; how they saw the angels and spoke with them; how Jesus appeared unto Mary Magdalene; how He walked with two of His cowardly disciples on the road to Emmaus, finally disclosing Himself to them; how He appeared to the others when they were gathered together in "the upper room"—and how He left with them His benediction of Peace, bidding them join Him on the well-known mountain in Galilee.

That Easter day was one full of marvellous interest to those who loved and served their Saviour, and its history is the choicest treasure of the devout Christian, for by its hope we are living, and in its blessing we die joyously.

The fact of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is the corner-stone of our Religion. Remove it, and the whole fabric falls to the ground, and is an imposture too stupendous to comprehend. The apostles never preached a

sermon without the Resurrection for their theme. They were eye-witnesses of the fact, because they "saw, and handled of the Word of Life"—they were with Jesus. They saw Him betrayed, they lingered on the edge of the hills when He was crucified, and they were with Him for forty consecutive days after that He rose from the dead, while they attended Him as far as Olivet when He ascended into Heaven, where "He now sits on the right hand of the Father."

What do we live for here, if it be not that we anticipate the life to come? How could we pass beyond that doubly barred gate of death, unless the Prince of glory had burst open its massive doors? "Thanks be to God, who giveth even to us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thanks be to Him for His goodness and mercy in thus making our via sacra a path leading out of the valleys where the clouds hang obscuringly low, up on to the glowing mountain-

heights, from whence we can see the towers and pinnacles of the new Jerusalem of our fixed hope. Let this be our Easter anthem—a song of Praise. Let this be our joy through the warfare of this world, that so our rest among the pure lilies of Paradise may be blessed indeed, as we lie peacefully awaiting a joyous Resurrection.

Superior to sins and temptations here; scaling every barrier and every obstacle, and rising above self, above the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; the summits of realization are within easy reach, and the place where Christ sits enthroned, is the accessible goal for every Christian.

So shall our earthly Easters have in them an abiding, even an encouraging hope, pointing us ever unto the ascended and glorified Lord and Saviour.





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